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The Week

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE, like a frightened schoolboy at the end of what he knows, is trying feebly to repeat the lesson he has already recited. Economy and tax reduction reverberated with eloquence when huge war expenses were being reduced by the passage of time and rich tidbits could be returned to the taxpayers. Now that there is little more juice to be squeezed from the war liquidation orange, ordinary expenses are creeping up again, and a period of diminished national income is in sight, the same grand gesture cannot be made without embarrassment. But the Democratic boys, having perceived his success with it, and not having responsibility for the national treasury, are copying his tactics. At the first sign of their encroachment on his preserves he pipes up with a feeble proposal for a trifling 10 percent rebate out of the estimated surplus for the current year. Like a protective elder brother, Secretary Mellon covers his retreat with a statement favoring the application of a rebate next spring, but warning against the reduction applicable to future years which the Democrats seem to favor. If the tax reduction last year was inadvisable, as we firmly believe, how much more so the dissipation of the comparatively small surplus which will be on hand next June! And how puny a bid for the voter's favor is the proposal to distribute small change out of it! If the voters are thoroughly saturated with the habit taught them by Coolidge, of selling their votes to the highest bidder out of the public treasury, they will now flock behind the Democrats.

EVEN prosperity as an issue may fail the administration. Another sign pointing in this direction is the analysis of bank credit just made public by Dr. B. M. Anderson, Jr., Economist of the Chase National Bank. Loans, discounts and investments of commercial banks have expanded more since the middle of 1922 than they did to finance our participation in the War. Yet on the basis of production and prices it would seem that our ordinary requirements for credit are less than in 1919, since although production has increased, prices have fallen more than enough to offset the effect on credit of more active industry. It looks as if the banks have been financing the real estate and building boom, the stock-market boom, a large part of our foreign trade, and even that big slice of retail trade represented by instalment purchases. Without these elements, where would prosperity have been? The banks have been able to extend credit freely on account of an abnormally large gold supply, as well as by increasing their reserves through open-market purchase of securities. But how long can they safely continue this rate of expansion? Doctor Anderson believes they ought to draw in their horns, and even if they do not consciously follow his advice, untoward events may force them to do so. Though buildings may be erected on credit, the loans must some time be repaid out of rents. The stock market does not rise forever. Consumers have to pay instalments. And Europe cannot always buy bread with bond issues.

THE month of December may see Messrs. Fall, Doheny, Daugherty and Miller all on trial. The two former will be tried beginning November 22

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in Washington on a conspiracy charge growing out of the oil lease scandal; and Messrs. Daugherty and Miller are to be retried following the disagreement of the jury in the American Metal Company case in New York on October 11, after being locked up for the record-breaking time of sixty-five hours and forty minutes. Federal District Attorney Emory R. Buckner is, we feel, right in deciding to bring the defendants again to the bar. No one who followed carefully the testimony in the first trial can fail to be convinced that the decision of the jury was in a sense accidental, and that another twelve men might and probably would have brought in a different verdict. If Mr. Buckner shares this view—and his action shows that he does—he was in duty bound to ask another trial.

IN its comments some weeks ago upon the attempt of Mr. Emory R. Buckner, the federal attorney for the southern district of New York, to convict Harry M. Daugherty of a conspiracy to defraud the government, the New Republic criticized the Department of Justice after Mr. Daugherty's dismissal and until Mr. Buckner's installation for its failure to prosecute its former chief. Our attention has been called to the fact that this criticism may do an injustice to the contribution which Mr. Harlan F. Stone, now Justice of the Supreme Court and Attorney General from Daugherty's dismissal until early in March, 1925, made to the initiation and the preparation of the case against Daugherty. If we have given a false impression of what the Department of Justice under Mr. Stone's direction did in initiating the prosecution of Daugherty, we are sorry, and are glad to acknowledge the mistake, but in justice to ourselves, we should add that there is no public evidence of any intention of the Department to press the charge against its former chief prior to Mr. Buckner's appearance on the scene.

MR. BUCKNER took possession of his present office early in January, 1926. In the fall of 1925, Mr. Todd, the lawyer commissioned by the Department to prosecute the case, had indicted Mr. Miller and some Germans, but he had not indicted either King or Daugherty, and he had failed to seize the evidence which would have been most likely to convict Daugherty when it was under his thumb. This is indicated by Mal Daugherty's testimony at the trial. He asserted in answer to questions from Mr. Buckner that he had brought the ledger sheets of his account, of his brother's and of Jesse Smith extra with the Midland National Bank to New York in October of 1925, but that he was not asked to produce them. "Nobody," he said, "looked at (or inquired into) these accounts at that time." When he appeared before the October, 1925, Grand Jury, he left them at the Waldorf Hotel. It should be added that Mr. Todd questioned him before the Grand Jury for only about twenty minutes, whereas Mr. Buckner found it necessary to summon and question him every day for two weeks. Surely these facts justified the New Republic in charging the Department of Justice with an indisposition to try or to convict Daugherty. Mr. Stone may or may not have been responsible for assignment of Mr. Todd to the case and he may have started to work up the case against Daugherty, but the fact remains, as the New Republic stated, that if the trial of Daugherty had depended on action by the Department of Justice, he would never have been tried.

APPARENTLY the British miners are on the verge of ending the strike on terms which will amount to a defeat. Reductions in wages, lengthening of the day to seven hours and a half at least in some districts, and district agreements without an assurance that they will be subject to review by a national body, represent concessions to all the major demands of the employers against which the miners were fighting. This is precisely the result which the miners, as well as all informed students of the problem, foresaw would come out of the failure to reorganize the industry on a more efficient basis. The costs of the waste of private enterprise are being assessed against the workers. In spite of the high hopes entertained of the Baldwin government because of the Premier's fair words, it has utterly failed to exercise the legal coercion on the propertied classes necessary to reform the industry. And all the economic coercion which could be brought by labor has failed, at least for the present, to make the government move. The cost of this conservative intransigence has already been extremely heavy, and as a result of it the outlook for the future is ugly and dispiriting. For the coal question is further from settlement than ever. At the moment, labor is likely to swing back to political action.

THE recent municipal elections in Great Britain showed remarkable gains for Labor, especially in the northern cities. Labor won one hundred and sixty-one seats and lost twenty-one, while Conservatives won only fifteen and lost seventy-eight. The Liberals did even more badly, losing fifty-three and gaining only eight. Thus Labor made a net gain of one hundred and forty, while the Conservatives and Liberals made net losses of sixty-three and forty-five respectively. Several reasons are given for this upset. The Labor party has now lost from its ranks many of the extremists who by their presence had alienated persons of moderate views. The Liberals are split asunder by the personal quarrel between Lloyd George and Lord Oxford and Asquith. There is widespread and well justified dissatisfaction with the Conservative government over its handling of the coal strike. The result of all these factors combined is to put the Labor party in a position of suddenly and greatly enhanced political strength.

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THIS does not mean, however, that the political skies are clearing. On the contrary they seem more stormy than ever. The Communists who have been frozen out of the Labor party are aggressive and well organized. The present situation, with the coal strike virtually broken, the trade union treasuries exhausted, the leaders quarreling among themselves and the Conservative government showing an increasing tendency to use Fascist methods, presents just the soil in which Communism best grows. At present we have the Conservatives on the right, Labor on the left and the Liberals in the middle. It is not at all improbable that in the future we may see Conservatives on the right, Communists on the left, and a Liberal-Labor alliance in the middle. The right wing of the Liberals would go over to the Conservatives; the left wing of Labor would go over to the Communists where for the most part it is already; the left wing of the Liberals would move a little further still to the left to combine with the right wing of Labor.

WHILE such a regrouping would mean greater reality in politics, it is impossible to look forward to it without serious misgivings. The Communists are not interested in parliamentary government; they are interested in class war as a precursor to and accompaniment of revolution. For some time to come, British industrial life is likely to continue greatly depressed, for reasons some of which at least are international in character. It needs an increased degree of socialization; but the dose the Communists would apply would probably be fatal. To vary the figure: the British ship must pass through stormy waters; and it will be a serious misfortune if a large part of the crew stands by with folded arms, or seeks covertly to cut the halyards.

A TENSE situation has developed between Italy and France, in which the French feel, and justifiably, that they have a grievance. For some time past, both Italy and Spain have complained that plots of revolutionists and schemes for assassination were being hatched on the soil of France. Now French secret police have caught the chief Italian conspirator, a grandson of Garibaldi, and he turns out to be in the pay of, and taking orders from, the Italian secret police. Either his own guardians have been seeking to get Mussolini killed or, as seems more likely, the dictator has been using agents-provocateurs, to cook up false plots against himself, in order to strengthen his position at home. It is strongly suggested that the Italians may also have aided plots against Spain hatched on French soil in order to embroil these two countries to Mussolini's advantage.

ONE of the unsolved problems of government administration is how to keep good men from being "picked off by the enemy," who can usually offer far greater financial rewards and a much more certain future than Uncle Sam is able to do. We are reminded of this by the news that Paul S. Clapp has just been elected Managing Director of the National Electric Light Association. Mr. Clapp has been one of Secretary Hoover's assistants in the Department of Commerce, specializing in the question of Giant Power and contributing largely to the development of the relation between the government and private ownership in this highly important industry as well as to the creation of public opinion regarding it. We note moreover that Mr. Clapp's predecessor in the office he has just assumed was Mr. M. H. Aylesworth, now president of the National Broadcasting Company. Mr. Aylesworth also comes from the public service, having been Chairman of the Colorado Public Service Commission. We do not suggest the slightest impropriety in the actions of these gentlemen. At the same time, they illustrate a real and pressing problem. How can the federal administration be kept up to standard when the duration of service is for so many good men so short?

Voting as Expected to No Purpose

RARELY have the American people voted so obediently as they were expected to vote as they did on November 2 of this year. They showed little interest in the election and went, as expected, to the polls only in small numbers. Those who did vote tended, as expected, to drift away from the Republican party, but considering the huge fluid Coolidge majority of two years, this drift was not large—also, as expected. While the Republicans have lost control of the Senate, as expected, it is the geographical distribution of the membership of that body which is responsible for this Republican setback. They have retained, as expected, a comfortable majority in the House of Representatives; and, as expected, they have indicated an increasing disposition to repudiate the Volstead act. The session of the new Congress, which will begin on December 1, 1927, promises to be as a consequence of this divided responsibility one of the most futile, mischievous and merely quarrelsome in the history of its country. Its deliberations will be more than usually sterilized by an oncoming Presidential election, which neither the Republicans nor the Democrats can approach with composure and confidence. Both parties will have to take care of issues with which they do not know what to do and rival candidates whose chances of ultimate election may depend upon promoting dissension rather than harmony within the ranks of their own parties.

The position of the Republican party remains, however, in spite of its setback, substantially stronger than that of the Democratic party. The voters who drifted away from the Republicans floated into

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Democratic waters, but it was wind and weather that brought them there rather than any positive preference on their part. Democratic leaders hail the increased popularity of some of their candidates as a great victory, but their claims are merely the usual partisan claptrap. The Democrats did nothing and said nothing, except here and there, to draw votes away from Republicans. They are at a loss to declare what policies the voters have approved by conferring on them a "victory." Some of them declare that they received a mandate for an immediate additional reduction of federal taxes, but if they bring in a bill, as they have proposed to do, which cuts the corporation and income taxes, they will be merely anticipating the next great "constructive" job of the Republican party. A crop of voters who are chiefly interested in diminishing the tax burden of the corporations and millionaires is natural fodder for the Republican elephant rather than for the Democratic donkey. A large majority of the American people are still Republican, whenever Republican supremacy is really threatened. They will remain Republican until they cease to be satisfied with a government which is concerned almost exclusively with the expansion of business and in promoting the interest of its owners. After they cease to be satisfied with a government of this kind, they will not trust the task of overthrowing it to the Democratic party.

There is one Democrat, however, whose prestige is actually increased by the election and he is, of course, Governor Smith of New York. He is now more than ever a candidate for the Presidency. But the results of the election have not improved his prospect of obtaining the nomination. The obstacles still look insuperable. In national politics he represents primarily the organized political opposition to prohibition. Although it is possible that the issue of prohibition will dominate the Presidential election of 1928, it is far from certain. It is also far from certain that if the Democrats nominate a wet candidate, the candidate will be Al Smith.

The only conspicuous and important inference that can fairly be drawn from the election is that the American voter is turning away from national prohibition. Five states of the American union, in which about one-fifth of the population live, have declared either that they do not wish to enforce the federal law within their jurisdiction or that they wish to exercise their own judgment about the alcoholic content of the prohibited intoxicating beverages. In effect they have indicated a desire to nullify a law which was adopted as the administrative agency of a clause in the Constitution. If one or more states should seek to neutralize in a similar way another kind of federal statute, say a tax law, they would be treated as Andrew Jackson proposed to treat South Carolina in 1832, but national prohibition occupies in this respect a peculiar position. The Eighteenth Amendment presupposes coöperation in its enforcement between the state and nation by expressly providing for concurrent jurisdiction in the matter of its administration, and inasmuch as the law orders individual Americans to refrain from certain customary and innocent acts for the real or supposed public benefit, it needs the support of local agencies for its enforcement. Its authority is fatally compromised by the refusal of any large number of American citizens to obey it, particularly when their refusal is emphasized by the declared reluctance of a formidable list of states to coöperate in administering its prohibitions. The federal government can, of course, punish the law-breakers if it catches and convicts them, but it cannot substitute itself for state authority without stretching to the breaking point the wholesome exercise of its police power.

Yet the opponents of prohibition have still a long and irksome journey to endure before they can enjoy any semi-legal relaxation of the existing law. The new Congress will contain a large dry majority, which will bar the way to any modification of the Volstead act, and the really important political task of the opponents of prohibition, a task which they have not yet seriously attempted, is to convert this majority into a minority. It is easy enough to persuade complaisant legislatures to ask the voters how they like prohibition, but agitation of this kind undermines the existing law without setting up any effective machinery for its modification or repeal. The anti-prohibitionists will never modify the Volstead act until they organize in every Congressional district and concentrate on the task of opposing the nomination and election of dry candidates and of bringing about the nomination and election of wet ones. This is a more difficult and arduous job than that of submitting questions about the law to the voters, but it is the only way of breaking the hold on Congress of the Anti-saloon League and of forcing reluctant politicians to reopen the decision of 1919. Prohibition as a national question is from the point of view of most of the politicians of both parties a sheer nuisance. They expected to exclude it from politics by unloading its perplexities on the Constitution, but they succeeded only in making it more than ever unmanageable and irrepressible. By practically closing the door to any legal escape from prohibition, they forced its opponents to fall back on individual lawlessness plus local official connivance as the only possible means of giving effect to their opposition. The result has been to make millions of American citizens suspicious of their national government and contemptuous of their national parties.

The American body politic is very sick, and the emergency has tempted the political doctors of both parties to prescribe a sure cure for the patient. According to the New York World, for instance, the Democratic victories at the recent election were local. They were won by a divided party, which

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testified quite as often to Republican as to Democratic "principles." If the Democratic party wishes to enter the next Presidential election as a coherent aggressive organization with some chance of victory, it must "stake its faith on an issue which will give it the offensive." The World is not very explicit in prescribing the formula for this salutary issue, but it protests that no medicinal policy will save the life of the patient which is not "real," "honest" and "tolerant." The Democrats, according to the same authority, are really obliged to "turn their faces toward liberalism" and "fill their lungs with air." We infer from the context that the way for them to fill their lungs with air is to unite in clearing away the obstacles which prevent them from filling their bellies with beer.

Just as the World accuses the Democratic party of being equipped to win local rather than national [illegible] another doctor, Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler, discovers to his dismay that the Republican party is "drifting." In spite of the fact that its membership includes most people of wealth and education, it suffers from the lack of "ideas" and "constructive leadership." Moreover the kind of leadership which will enable the Republican party to stop drifting and to construct an edifice of pure Republicanism closely resembles, so far as we can make out, the "issue" which, according to the World, will enable the Democratic party successfully to fight the next national election. The Republicans must wage bitter and indefatigable war against both the prohibition amendment and the "growing federal bureaucracy." If they flinch from this task, a terrible punishment awaits them. "An overwhelming proportion of the character and intelligence of the party will be driven out of it." Mr. Butler admits that after the better minds renounce their Republican allegiance, their only alternative, the Democratic party, will offer them a "pretty uninviting haven," but he does not mention one obvious consolation for the deficiencies of their new habitation. If these people of character and intelligence secede from Republicanism, they will raise the moral and intellectual standards of new associates. They will strengthen the intelligent Democrats in their attempt to commit the party to a "real," an "honest" and a "tolerant" issue. They will doubtless persuade it to move in a liberal direction and to fill its lungs with air. In fact, the coalition might result in a party which would be almost too constructive. With Governor Smith and Senator Jim Reed of Missouri and Senator-elect Vare of Pennsylvania competing for its Presidential nomination, with Mr. Butler serving as the still small voice of its intelligence and character and with Mr. H. L. Mencken recognized as its spiritual prophet it would be the most offensive, coherent and self-righteous political party which ever tried to prescribe for the American people.

We fear, however, that the ordinary Democratic or Republican politician will not act favorably on the good advice. From his point of view it may be magnificent, but it is not war. He is beginning, doubtless, to realize that prohibition is irrepressible, but he realizes even more vividly that its irrepressibility is that of a powder-mine. If the Democrats in the late spring of 1928 fill their lungs with hot air and announce themselves to be honestly, tolerantly, realistically and liberally wet, they will do so only after a melodramatic fight which will make the national convention of 1924 look by comparison like a feast of love. They will split their party and alienate the states which have always supplied most of their voting strength. If the Republicans should at about the same time nominate a candidate who, like Senator Wadsworth, would be "constructive," "aggressive," anti-federalist and wet and who would save Republicans of unusual intelligence and character like Mr. Butler from seceding, they, too, would "live dangerously" during the next few months, but it is difficult to see how they could live successfully. For the Cristmans all over the country would turn and rend them. In view of these facts the politicians will for the most part continue to do what they can to prevent the powder-mine from exploding. The recent elections have advertised the agitation against prohibition, but they have left it as insoluble as ever by means of our existing political machinery. These partisan appeals to beneficent principles and constructive issues are utterly irrelevant. The Democratic and Republican parties exist only in order to conduct elections and divide the state and federal offices between them. They maintain their party unity by avoiding controversial issues and by pretending that the fruits of their own inertia are "constructive" leadership. If any large part of their membership began to show a revived interest in principles, it would result, not in the resurrection of the Democratic and Republican parties, but in their disintegration and replacement.

Massachusetts Justice on Trial

WHILE all hope is not yet lost for Sacco and Vanzetti, their position is precarious. An appeal has been taken to the Supreme Judicial Court from the decision of Judge Webster Thayer denying a new trial. This body, however, will not examine and weigh the important new evidence or inquire whether the first trial was in fact a fair one —a question which, despite Judge Thayer's statements, has never been subjected to court review. It will merely decide whether or not the Judge's action in denying the new trial was properly in accord with legal usage. There is of course the ultimate possibility that executive clemency will be invoked. The Boston Herald has suggested that Governor Fuller appoint an extra-legal committee,

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composed of the best representatives of the Massachusetts bar, to go over all the evidence and advise him. We earnestly hope that if it becomes necessary he will adopt this excellent suggestion; but it must be recognized that there is no more than a hope that this will be done.

There is an aspect of the case which in the long view is more important even than the attitude of Judge Thayer and the probable attitude of Governor Fuller. They are after all but two individuals. If they are found to hold views or to perform acts which the general conscience cannot support, they may be explained as variants from a norm. But what shall we say when we find a considerable part of the leading citizenship of Massachusetts either ready to deny Sacco and Vanzetti their chance for life because legal forms were properly carried out in their trial, or worse still, openly advocating that they be executed even if innocent, because "the majesty of the law must be upheld"? Incredible as it may seem to those at a distance, who do not realize the passions which this case has engendered in the region where it has taken place, there are plenty of respected and ordinarily respectable persons who take one or the other of these views.

Mr. Moorfield Storey, for example, has earned a national reputation by a long career in the course of which he has many times espoused the cause of the oppressed. He has been an anti-imperialist, and has fought magnificently for the Negro, the Indian, the Filipino. Yet in a letter to the Boston Herald he declares that no one has the right to express an opinion on the outcome of the trial unless he sat through it; dismisses as "preposterous" the idea that the Department of Justice conspired with the Massachusetts authorities; belittles the confession of Madeiros as being the work of "a convicted murderer"; observes in regard to Vanzetti's previous trial on a charge of attempted robbery that "no one has suggested so far as I know that he was improperly convicted"; and concludes:

> Our system of administering the law in Massachusetts is on trial and if what was done in this case is disregarded in order that Sacco may be restored to liberty on the testimony of Madeiros it is quite idle to complain because the lives and property of Massachusetts citizens are no longer safe.

It is easy to reply to Mr. Storey point by point, though perhaps hardly worth while to do so at length. There are, in the first place, plenty of lawyers who have studied the whole transcript of testimony and yet believe the defendants were unfairly convicted; five of seven newspaper reporters who covered the trial from beginning to end are said to hold that view. As to the "preposterousness" of the charge against the Department of Justice, we need only to refer Mr. Storey to his own introduction to Louis F. Post's book, The Deportation Delirium of 1920, in which, speaking of that same Department of Justice, as conducted at that same time, he observed that

> . . . No evidence was ever produced which excused the action of the government. . . . The safeguards of the Constitution were ignored and any true American must blush at what was done.

The notion that Madeiros's confession is unimportant because of his criminal record is, we submit, utterly ridiculous. What sort of person does Mr. Storey think would be likely to come forward to confess to participation in a robbery and murder? A president of the Bar Association? If anything, Madeiros's record increases the plausibility of his story. And when Mr. Storey says that Vanzetti's previous conviction has not been attacked, one can only ask him helplessly, where has he been? That previous conviction has been attacked in [illegible] son and out. It was certainly as dubious as the second one.

The notion that the processes of the law are sacrosanct and must be allowed to roll on like a juggernaut is one which Mr. Storey himself has not permitted to hamper him in the course of his own practice at the bar. On other occasions he has been entirely willing to have the decisions of a judge and jury upset, when he believed that a miscarriage of justice had taken place.

Strongly as we dissent from Mr. Storey's views, we must yet recognize that he represents the moderate and reasonable wing of the element opposed to a new trial for Sacco and Vanzetti. He at least believes them guilty. The other group—and it is large and powerful in Massachusetts—does not care whether Sacco and Vanzetti are innocent or not. It wants them hanged because a jury pronounced them guilty. Massachusetts and its legal system would both "lose face" if they were now to be set free—and saving face is to those who hold this view, as it is to so many persons, the most important thing in the world. Also, these men are radicals, aren't they? They are Italians, aren't they? Is it not true that bombs have been set off and massed demonstrations have taken place at American consulates because of them? Let them die. Teach the Reds a lesson.

We agree with Prof. Willard Sperry, Dean of the Harvard Theological School, who says he has "never been able to forget the shock with which . . . I first heard expressed the opinion that on the whole it was better that these men die than that faith in Massachusetts institutions should be shaken by further review of the case. . . . There is nothing so calculated to shake the faith in Massachusetts as the spread of that general attitude of mind with its possible consequences and implications." Professor Sperry might have used stronger language without laying himself open to the charge of immoderation. The attitude of mind he describes does not, as its protagonists believe, protect the majesty of the law. On the contrary it un-

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dermines the people's faith in legal institutions. It supports the belief that the courts are not animated by the pure passion for justice. Whether Sacco and Vanzetti live or die is after all of secondary importance compared to this question. Have we reached a point in America where public opinion is willing to tolerate judicial murder rather than admit the fallibility of a judge and jury? Are our institutions so weak that we must bolster them up at the expense of truth and fairness?

The Corporation as Public Agent

DURING the recent campaign in New York state the only major issue seriously discussed by both parties was the question whether the state should lease to private corporations its remaining hydro-electric power resources or develop them itself—at least as far as the generating stations are concerned. With the victory of Al Smith it becomes virtually certain that if the hold-over Republican Water Power Commission can be prevented from executing the proposed leases before its term expires on December 31, the former policy will not be followed, since under the reorganized government which goes into effect the first of the year, final responsibility in the matter rests with the Governor. Whether the alternative policy will be actively pursued, however, is still doubtful, since in order to set up the necessary machinery the consent of the Republican legislature will be required. On this account, as well as on account of the general importance of the subject, it may be well to renew discussion of a matter which was all but buried in a flood of irrelevant electioneering, and certainly did not command the attention of many voters.

We will pass over at this time the advantages of public development, which have several times been discussed in our columns, for the sake of dealing more explicitly with the usual objections of the opposition. These objections are commonly stated as appeals to prejudice rather than as reasoned arguments, but it is possible to discover real substance beneath them. Besides such bogey men as "socialism" and the danger to sacred private enterprise, to the Constitution, etc., we find a fear of inefficiency under "political management." This fear has to do with the faults ordinarily assigned to bureaucracy, and with the favoritism in policy, the graft in management, and the patronage in personnel which are assumed to result from the control of great enterprises by governmental agencies which are subject to political machines. Now it could be argued with a good deal of force that these evils are not so omnipresent in our multifarious governmental undertakings as they are ordinarily assumed to be, and that on the other hand they do exist to an extent generally unmentioned in large-scale private enterprise. The life of so compactly organized a community as modern civilization presents could not thrive if dry rot had seriously weakened agencies like the post offices, fire departments, public treasuries, statistical bureaus, coast and light-house services, and so on. Everyone who has had contact with them knows the large number of conscientious and intelligent public servants who without much financial reward or publicity do their highly necessary work day after day. And he knows that the complaints these servants make of inefficiency or mistaken policy can be virtually duplicated out of the mouths of many employes of large private corporations. But it is not this general issue which we wish here to discuss.

There are undoubtedly inefficiencies peculiar to governmental departments when they undertake business administration. "Bureaucracy," even if we disregard its imaginary sins, still is an attribute of a special kind of administrative agency, which however well adapted to some purposes is not so well adapted to others. The type of the political bureau or administrative department was set at a time when the tasks of modern business did not exist, to say nothing of their being executed by government. It was set at a time when detailed legislative control of the acts of the executive was usual. And the bureaucratic activities were developed, for the most part, in fields where routine would suffice, without much flexibility. When a person thinks of governmental inefficiency, he usually thinks of a situation where such a bureau or executive department has had to deal with a problem requiring rapid adjustment, centralized responsibility, power of decision. Naturally such an agency is not so well fitted to handle this sort of thing as is the administrative type which has grown up in the environment of business. The essential difference is a difference between bureau and corporation rather than between government and private enterprise.

Bureaus have definite limitations under the law. Their functions are carefully defined. Their funds usually are derived from annual appropriation acts, which specify in much detail how the money shall be used. Money appropriated for one purpose cannot be diverted to another. If the money for any purpose gives out before the year is up, activity must stop until legislative action can be obtained unless some deficiency fund exists. If a surplus remains from the operation of some other division, it must be turned back into the general treasury. All kinds of legislative safeguards not usual in ordinary business are thrown about the execution of contracts, about accounting and reports. The working force is more or less fixed by Civil Service requirements. All these things necessarily make for inflexibility and the complex of forms commonly known as "red tape." Everything may be so arranged that the bureau will function expeditiously in its accustomed duties, but will be thrown into a morass of obstruction by an unfamiliar situation.

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But these characteristics are not essential for governmental enterprise. The government may set up a corporation which has as much freedom from legislative interference and red tape as any other corporation. The legislature may define the purpose of the corporation and outline the method of its control; it may make an initial appropriation; beyond that its detailed control may stop. If the corporation has voting stock, that stock may be vested in an executive official who has an advisory board, or it may be vested in a specially chosen board of directors. This chief authority, whoever he is, proceeds to direct and take full responsibility for the government's business, just as if he were a corporation director representing private stockholders. The forms which have been developed to handle business undertakings are utilized for government service. The chief problem then becomes, what it already is with any large business undertaking—to find a suitable executive. But executives are to a large extent made as well as born. Their training is nowadays pretty well standardized. A political administration whose prestige largely depends on the success of such an important undertaking is likely to take pains to discover a good manager.

This type of governmental agency is not new. Even before the War it was known; during the War the federal government established corporations for public purposes with an aggregate capital of over two billion dollars. Some of these were more successful than others, and though the War period did not furnish the best conditions for the testing of such agencies, all pretty well accomplished their major purposes. The Emergency Fleet Corporation of course was notorious for confusion and loss, but its faults may be attributed largely to divided control and the fact that in addition to accomplishing its main purpose of providing ships at any cost to defeat the submarine campaign it was called upon to build a large American merchant marine for peace purposes at a time when no private corporation could possibly have done so without great loss. The War Finance Corporation, on the other hand, was conspicuously successful. In addition to numerous corporations of war origin, there are successful examples like the Port of New York Authority, created jointly by two states, with the power to own and operate all kinds of terminal facilities, and the Canadian National Railways, which is successfully operating one of the largest railway systems on the continent.

What would safeguard a state water power corporation from becoming an agency of graft and patronage in the hands of a ruling party even if it exemplified none of the usual defects of bureaucracy? In the case of such an important service as the provision of electric power, a party would have to be strongly entrenched indeed in order to run the risks of consciously abandoning efficiency by appointing executives who would yield to such a policy. The pressure of consumers on the one hand for cheap and good service, and of taxpayers on the other against expanding taxation, would furnish a strong motive for avoiding the palpable corruption sure to result in higher rates or deficits. And, be it noted, the financial performance of such a corporation would be a matter of record in quite a different way from the costs and charges of the usual governmental department supported mainly by taxation and controlled by appropriation. If common sense and common decency did not suffice, the governing board might by law be made a bipartisan affair. Or other legal safeguards might be thrown about their choice. The chances are that if inefficiency were so deep-rooted in a governmental corporation that year after year turned up large deficits to be met out of taxation, the voters would revolt and demand the turning over of the enterprise to private hands on the best terms available. Thus everyone connected with it would be as conscious of the need for honest work as if he were employed by private stockholders and his corporation might be imperiled by bankruptcy. As a matter of fact, however, we doubt whether the profit motive is as effective in keeping employes up to standard even in private corporations as are the general habits and morale of administration, the daily contacts of work.

Of course we do not argue that a governmental corporation managing a public utility is precisely the same thing as a private one. If it were, there would be no point in choosing the former. The major aims of its policy may differ, and must differ if it is to be preferable. It should not operate at a loss, but neither should it operate to seek the greatest possible profit. Considerations of public policy, such as adequate service, the adjustment of rates to encourage popular use, and the retirement of capital with a view to lower rates in the future, should play a large part in its management. It should be properly coördinated with state and regional planning, with agricultural and industrial policy. In short, it would be free to follow the aim of service, to which private business nowadays claims so often to dedicate itself, but which it is so often inhibited from seeking with a single mind.

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Spinning Out the Executive Power

FOR one hundred and thirty-seven years the Constitution of the United States has been silent on the question whether the President has an uncontrollable power to remove executive officers appointed by the President with the consent of the Senate. This silence was broken on October 25 when by a vote of six to three the Supreme Court in Myers vs. United States held that Congress may not restrict the President in removing such officers, even when the office is one to which Congress may deny the President the power to appoint.

The opinion for the majority of the court was written by ex-President Taft. Speaking as Chief Justice, he says:

> . . . in the nature of things the defects in ability and intelligence or loyalty in the administration of the laws of one who has served as an officer under the President, are facts as to which the President, or his trusted subordinates, must be better informed than the Senate, and the power to remove him may, therefore, be regarded as confined for very sound and practical reasons, to the governmental authority which has administrative control . . . The President is a representative of the people just as the members of the Senate and of the House are, and it may be at some times and on some subjects that the President elected by all the people is rather more representative of them all than are the members of either body of the Legislature whose constituencies are local and not country-wide; . . . Laws are often passed with specific provision for the adoption of regulations by a department or bureau head to make the law workable and effective. The ability and judgment manifested by the official thus empowered, as well as his energy and stimulation of his subordinates, are subjects which the President must consider and supervise in his administrative control. Finding such officers to be negligent and inefficient, the President should have power to remove them. Of course there may be duties so peculiarly and specifically committed to the discretion of a particular officer as to raise a question whether the President may overrule or revise the officer's interpretation of his statutory duty in a particular instance. Then there may be duties of a quasi-judicial character imposed on executive officers and members of executive tribunals whose decisions after hearing affect interests of individuals, the discharge of which the President can not in a particular case properly influence or control. But even in such a case he may consider the decision after its rendition as a reason for removing the officer, on the ground that the discretion regularly entrusted to that officer by statute has not been on the whole intelligently or wisely exercised.

These extra-constitutional remarks of the ex-President have been torn by me from their setting. The Chief Justice offers them to affirm the wisdom of a conclusion professedly based upon considerations of history, language and logic. The logic is so lame, the language so inconclusive, the history so far from compelling, that I venture to think that the mainspring of the decision and its only conceivable justification are to be found in the judgment of the majority that the result is one that ought to be reached.

Justifiable or unjustifiable, the decision makes the law, and the question of most immediate interest is how far it goes and what are its effects. The case clearly excludes the Senate from any participation in any executive removals. It clearly leaves the President free from any restraint in removing executive officers who have been appointed by the President with the consent of the Senate. The opinion pretty plainly implies that the President must be equally unfettered in removing executive officers appointed by the President alone.

For anything that appears, the decision applies to military officers appointed by the President and thus annuls an existing statute forbidding their removal in time of peace except in pursuance of sentence of court martial. The only judges upon whom the case has any bearing are those attached to special courts not part of the regular judicial system. The Chief Justice suggests that other considerations may apply to them, thus leaving open the question of whether the President may be restricted in removing them.

There is no hint that members of administrative commissions are outside the scope of the decision. It is to be assumed, therefore, that the President may henceforth dismiss at will the members of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, the Board of Tax Appeals, and such a peculiar officer as the Comptroller General. Indeed, the Chief Justice refers to such quasi-judicial officers as ones whom the President must be able to remove if he is to discharge his constitutional duty to see that the laws are faithfully executed. It would seem that the only way in which Congress may possibly protect such officers from Presidential assaults is to deprive the President of power to appoint them.

Officers not appointed by the President are not covered by the case. The decision, therefore, does not threaten any important civil-service program. Except for its exclusion of the Senate from removals, it leaves unchallenged the earlier case of United States vs. Perkins, in which the Supreme Court quoted with approval the following statement of the Court of Claims:

> We have no doubt that when Congress, by law, vests the appointment of inferior officers in the heads of departments it may limit and restrict the power of removal as it deems best for the public interest.

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> The constitutional authority in Congress to thus vest the appointment implies authority to limit, restrict and regulate the removal by such laws as Congress may enact in relation to the officers so appointed.
>
> The head of a department has no constitutional prerogative of appointment to offices independently of the legislation of Congress; and by such legislation he must be governed not only in making appointments but in all that is incident thereto.

This decision technically does not foreclose a Presidential power to remove inferior officers appointed by heads of departments, but Chief Justice Taft assures us that Congress may protect the civil service from politics by vesting the appointments of civil service officers "*in the heads of departments* to which they belong."

The question whether protection from political removals could similarly be accorded to members of important administrative commissions depends for its answer upon whether they are "inferior officers" within the clause of the Constitution which declares that the President

> shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall appoint ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, judges of the Supreme Court, and all other officers of the United States whose appointments are not herein otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by law; but the Congress may by law vest the appointment of such inferior officers, as they think proper, in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments.

The Supreme Court has heretofore assumed that all offices not mentioned in the Constitution are "inferior" offices. Under all the law we know to date, Congress may vest in heads of departments the appointment of members of such important administrative boards as the Interstate Commerce Commission and may thereby accord to them security of tenure against both the appointing authority and the President.

This does not mean that the Supreme Court will not make new law in case Congress should try to take such appointments away from the President. The court made new law in the Myers case. It may make more new law and enlarge the class of "superior" offices to which the President has a vested constitutional power to appoint. It may reject the previous test of mention of the office in the Constitution and substitute the test of the importance of the duties of the office. Once the court ventures to imply limitations on Congress in favor of implied powers of the President, as it did in the Myers case, there is no telling where it will stop. Implication piled on implication may build a tower to heights undreamed of by the Fathers.

It took implication to give the President any power of removal at all. The Constitution says nothing about it. The first Congress of 1789 went on record in favor of the assumption that it was not necessary for Congress to confer upon the President the power to remove the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, since he would have the power if Congress said nothing about it. It cannot be said that the action of the first Congress goes farther than this. The issue arose on a motion in the House to strike from a pending bill a clause empowering the President to remove. The motion was carried, after a debate in which some of the members expressed the view that Congress could not deny the President the power to remove. The debate in the Senate is not reported. It took the casting vote of the Vice-President to keep out the clause giving the President the power to remove. Clearly such action is not an affirmation by the Senate that the President has from the Constitution an unrestricted power to remove. The Senate action, as action, is no precedent for anything beyond the recognition of a Presidential power of removal when Congress is silent.

This action of the first Congress is the formal foundation of Chief Justice Taft's opinion in the Myers case. The same first Congress in creating another office, an "inferior" office, provided for removal by the President. This is reported by the Chief Justice with the introductory remark that "occasionally we find that Congress thought it wiser to make express what would have been understood." Thus conferring a power to remove means the same thing as not conferring a power to remove. Both are an assertion that the power could not be denied. Later Congresses restricted removals by the President, but these, we are told, were later Congresses and were biased by political considerations. Perhaps Vice-President John Adams when he gave that essential casting vote had a political thought that was not wholly impersonal. Since the days of the Tenure of Office act, Presidents have approved statutes which restricted the President in removing inferior officers. From this, however, we are not to assume that they thought the restriction constitutional. They were coerced into signing by the importance of other elements of the legislation.

The Chief Justice's treatment of history is not impeccable. His logic also is not above suspicion. The weaknesses of both are made painfully plain by the detailed dissenting opinions of Mr. Justice McReynolds and of Mr. Justice Brandeis. Whatever may be a reasonable inference as to the President's power over officers whom he has a vested constitutional power to appoint, no such officer was involved in the Myers case. Mr. Myers was a postmaster. Congress may vest the appointment of all postmasters in the Postmaster General, as it did up to 1836. It may dictate that these and all other "inferior officers" shall be appointed by others than the President. In so doing, it may regulate and restrict their removal, notwithstanding the fact that the Constitution invests the President with the executive power and with the duty to see that the laws are faithfully executed. The Chief Justice recognizes this and still insists that this

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power and this duty carry with them the necessary implication that the President must be free to remove officers whom Congress permits him to appoint. Congressional control over appointment gives Congressional control over removal if Congress vests the appointment in a department head. It taxes credulity to accept the assertion that it does not do so when Congress vests the appointment in the President. "The arguments drawn from the executive power of the President, and from his duty . . . to take care that the laws be faithfully executed . . . seem to me spiders' webs inadequate to control the dominant facts," says Mr. Justice Holmes in his terse and trenchant dissent.

The wisdom of this decision from the standpoint of administration may be as great as the Chief Justice affirms, or it may not. If it is, it is a pity that Congress may so easily frustrate it. Even if the Constitution would have been wise had it done what six members of the Supreme Court have now done for it, it does not follow that the six members are justified in doing what they have done. They have swept off the statute books many provisions which many Congresses have put there. They have done it in the guise of interpreting the Constitution. To call this pseudo-interpretation a spider's web of reasoning is to flatter both its pattern and its power.

THOMAS REED POWELL.

Bishop Brown: A Fundamental Modernist

THAT the fundamentalists stole a march on their opponents in the selection of epithets by which to characterize the religious issues at stake I have had occasion to point out previously in these columns. It is evident that the modernists are themselves more or less at fault in this matter, not just because they have accepted the word, but because of an intellectual vagueness which attends their convictions. At least to one outside of the controversy, to one not attached to either wing, religious "liberalism" as stated by its adherents seems to be essentially transitional, mediating, in character. Its psychological value to many persons in easing strain cannot be doubted; no one can deny that there is a social value in movements which modulate from one position to another in a way which avoids the crises and breakdowns incident to abrupt changes. But it is in the interest of intellectual coherence and integrity that the direction of a movement of transition should be recognized, that there should be some clear perception of the outcome to which the moving logic of the situation points.

Bishop William Montgomery Brown has in his lifetime traversed the whole course; he has done it knowingly, aware of where he started and where he has come out. He has moved from one fundamentalism to another creed equally fundamental. He is therefore more than a modernist; he has surrendered a supernaturalism connected with the authority of tradition and the institution of the church for a naturalism connected with the authority of investigation and the institution of science. Yet no reader with a spark of sympathy can gainsay his repeated assertions that at the end he is as religious, in his own conviction indeed more religious than when he was an orthodox bishop in the Protestant Episcopal Church, where he was more than usually successful in rehabilitating dying churches and founding new ones. His recent book (My Heresy, published by the John Day Company, New York) breathes the confidence, assurance, of a faith which knows that it is founded on an indestructible Rock of Ages.

That is the fact which gives interest to the record of the spiritual development of Bishop Brown—the reality of religion so impregnates his life as well as his book that it is difficult to fancy even his ecclesiastic enemies failing to think of him, in spite of his deposition, as Bishop. In his intellectual conceptions, his ideas of the nature of belief, of authority, of the objects of faith and aspiration, he has swung full circle. But the circle is inscribed within an atmosphere which is everywhere religious; nowhere does it cross the boundary. For this reason the movement which the book records has a typical significance which is absent from most heresies. The history of the disowned ardent cleric presents what is lacking in the activities of most modernists: the attainment of a location and a possession which is as fundamental as that of any ecclesiastic who arrogates to himself the title of fundamentalist. Because of this fact, his career makes clear an issue obscured in most recent controversy: What is the foundation of a vital religious experience in this present time?

The intellectual naïveté, the innocence and virginity, of Bishop Brown's temperament is an agency in clarifying the situation. His book as a book is too argumentative, too concerned with making a conclusion definite and strong in the mind of the reader, to be the subtly illuminating "spiritual autobiography" which a literary egoist would have made of the material at hand. But in spite of the reiterated striking of the same note which at times imparts heaviness to the book, the fact is made to stand out that the successive steps of Bishop Brown in "heresy" (surely it cannot be long before the

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word will be permanently embalmed in quotation marks) represent a succession of widenings and deepenings of faith. His clerical career did not end in a defrocking because he discovered from time to time that he believed less, but because from time to time he discovered that absence of faith in man and knowledge were bound up with the beliefs which he had previously held. Others who had shared these beliefs remained in their unbelief; his faith moved on.

Thus he found himself without desire, without expectation on his part, moved, rather than moving, from one level to another. Each crisis found him with the naïve belief that his brethren in the faith would respond as soon as he communicated to them the new revelation, that is, the new perception of scientific and social realities, which had been forced upon him; that, even if they did not actively approve and go with him, they would at least acknowledge his right and duty to follow the light which he had seen. Each time the refusal he encountered, refusals to enter even in imagination into the new and larger ways of truth in which he must walk in order to remain true to the faith which was in him, compelled him to further thought to search for the reasons for the refusal. Only at the very end, at the close of his trial by the bishops and by reason of the character of the trial, was he forced to the conclusion that "My Heresy" consisted essentially in the fact that he had placed faith in truth and reality above and below all other articles of faith. Only then, upon his appeal, did he turn to the business of making the issue clear, of getting written plain upon the record the official attitude of the Church. Till then he had only striven to share the faith which possessed him, even as he had striven to bring others to the faith when he was still orthodox of the orthodox, ecclesiastic of the ecclesiastics. Doubtless history knows many instances of faith which from childhood to old age remained childlike. But the instances in which childlike faith persisted while passing from extremes of literalism and dogmatism to doubt and denial of a personal God, personal immortality and the historic existence of Jesus, are certainly rare.

The way out and onward which Bishop Brown found for himself and which he offered others who would be religious while living in full communion with the present intellectual and social world is the way of symbolic interpretation: Yield glad and complete allegiance to whatever truths are anywhere discovered and treat the formulæ in which bygone ages stated their faith as symbols of what humanity now feels, knows and aspires to do. There are many, also heretics from the standpoint of the churches, whom the method leaves cold. They have no more interest in retaining as symbolism the Old and New Testament, the Apostles and Nicene Creed, than they have in giving a symbolic interpretation to Plato or Virgil. But even they realize that the church is an historic institution and one with which the religious life of most men has been bound up; they realize that piety to the traditions which are closely associated with deep emotional experiences is a thing to be respected; they know that the church as an institution, and personal piety to the sources from which the ideal life of man has been so largely nourished, are confronted with the problem of adaptation to the intellectual and social realities of present life. The way of symbolism is with respect to these things a fundamental release, emancipation and inspiration. The issue which the trials of Bishop Brown for heresy have written clear and large upon the record is whether the Christian churches are to continue surrendering to symbolism one after another of the special items of the old beliefs and formulæ, when the coercion of accomplished facts leaves no other course open, while clinging obstinately to literalism and dogmatism as to others; or whether it will voluntarily and graciously concede to all men the fullest liberty of symbolic interpretation of any and all articles and items, reserving its faith for the realities of life itself. Upon the decision of this issue the future of Protestantism depends. Bishop Brown is no intellectual giant; he makes no claim to great scholarship. But his sincere and genuine faith in spiritual fundamentals has accomplished more in making the issue clear than has been effected by men of greater intellectual stature and profounder scholarship. In comparison with this achievement the crudities and eccentricities which may accompany some of the symbolic interpretations which commend themselves to Bishop Brown are of no importance. He is a fundamentalist in religion, though a heretic in traditional supernaturalism.

JOHN DEWEY.

Boston Spills the Beans

THE newsdealer looked over a high bank of election extras and asked: "Why, John, how come?"

J. T. Wharton, the self-styled popular plumber, explained that he was on his way to the shop to get certain tools urgently needed for that job at the old Hawley place. "It's just rush, rush, rush all the time," said Mr. Wharton sinking into a chair. "Did it suit you all right—the election?"

"H'm, dunt esk! I was just wiping away a manly tear when you blew in."

"Where," asked the plumber, "does it hurt you worst?"

"In Massachusetts. There was dirty work at the crossroads last night, John Wharton." Elmer Durkin's round face glowed like a birthday cake.

"I don't know much about Massachusetts. I been s'busy——"

"Some guys are just hung full of horseshoes. You gallop around with a pipe wrench in your hand and

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a song in your heart and what do you care what happens to Butler?"

"I've heard the name——"

"Yes, but this is the other one, the bird that was the chauffeur of the Coolidge tidal wave two years ago. They had to pin something on William M. for that so Lodge kindly cashed in and they appointed Butler to hold down the seat in the Senate until they could get a regular guy.

"From all I can crack in the papers, he was not so hot as a lawmaker, but he sure was the white-haired boy down at the other end of the lane. It was 'William this' and 'Calvin that' until you'd think Damon and Pythias were a couple of total strangers. You ankled into the White House on your way to the Blue Room and you fell over some object. If it wasn't Grandpa Stearns it was Butler. William was the life of every sausage and flapjack orgy, and he was so regular at chow he had a napkin ring.

"Did that make a big killing with the old boys who had had the run of the place ever since Rutherford B. Hayes? Be your age, John. The nicest name those grumps tacked on Willie was 'a pain in the neck.'

"Well, this year the Baystatesmen had to pick a candidate for Senator so they swallowed hard and took Butler. 'If you have any trouble,' said Calvin to this sidekick, 'just mention my name and everything will be jake.'

"Then he forgot there was any trouble in the world except fish and mosquitoes. This was a crummy summer for G. O. P. Senators. Some were sunk in the primaries and others were allowed to live till November. Loud yawps for help breezed in from all over the scenery but the ritzy thing in gent's wear at White Pine camp was tin ears. If a nervous party crashed the gate and spilled his troubles to the great white father, all he got was 'I should worry.' Jimmy Wadsworth could keep cool without Coolidge, Willis must thump his own bass drum, the Kleaglehounds from Indiana never drew a single pat on the head and Illinois Smith got nothing but a dirty look. Many a Senator hung around the post office until the customers thought he was one of the help and was never even handed a picture postcard of the Capitol dome saying, 'Having a good time. Wish you were here. C. C.'

"There was only one oyster in the Presidential stew and its name was Willie. The news from Massachusetts was a long piece of grief. Commonwealth Avenue was all hung with crape and the Transcript was blubbering into its chowder. Butler was not so Camembert; he was pulling a classy campaign about Coolidge economy and how the textile industry owed all its prosperity, if any, to the tariff. 'Vote for me,' he yammered, 'or you won't have any brown bread with your beans come Saturday night.' He was one-stepping from Fall River to North Adams warbling 'For cod, for country and for Cal.'

"But all the time this Walsh was getting gabby about beer, and there's a lad that slings a mean line of adjectives. Butler was talking about drygoods and Walsh about wet goods. That's as close together as they ever got up to the finish.

"It looked as if they had tallowed the skids for friend William, but Calvin wrote a nice letter to the home folks and said: 'Yes, sir, he's my baby,' and he put a lily in Butler's mitt. Well, the lily will come in handy at the obsequies, at that. Then Coolidge and the missus traveled a thousand miles to show that their vote was in the right place. Wiseguys said the revolt was all squashed and the country was saved.

"I thought so my own self for a few minutes last night. I was parked by Dink Hubbell's loudspeaker and Mashpee on Cape Cod, the first burg under the wire, plunked forty-six for prosperity and twelve for starvation. But after a while we began to get a load of Boston. Boston, which Cal once saved from anarchy by a narrow squeak! Now, John, perhaps you had better leave me alone with my grief."

"Yes, I gotta go. I can't bear to see anybody suffer."

"I hear seven noble Senators went down in the storm last night and others are hanging on by one toe. But I'll bet eleven smackers none of them are weeping over what happened to the teacher's pet.

"What's the answer? I don't know. Calvin put all his beans in one basket and Boston kicked it for a row of gools. It listens to me as if he was losing his enamel finish. If I was a Grand Old Party I'd let him eke out his season and then turn him in on a late model."

FELIX RAY.

Washington Notes

IT pains me to report that since the elections the sweet concord that has marked the relations between "our noble and splendid President," as Jim Watson so often and touchingly referred to him in the recent campaign, and the little White House group of intimates who cluster so closely around him is slightly disturbed. There is a rift in the lute, a fly in the pie, a sour flavor to things generally. In the course of time, affairs may right themselves—I do so hope they will—and the old merry, merry spirit, the happy cordiality and good humor so characteristic of these particular New Englanders whom we have exalted into high places, be wholly restored. Just now, however, it is impossible to disguise from any save the most superficial observer the unfortunate fact that the aforesaid relations are to some extent curdled.

The "events leading up to the tragedy"—I have been reading the Hall-Mills murder trial in the New York papers—are not without interest. They more or less reveal the curious nature of the reactions of "our splendid President" and the unique not to say narrow way in which he viewed the recent campaign. For instance, what seems to be established is that Mr. Coolidge had planned as far

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back as last June not to take any part in the campaign in any state in any way. It also seems that the little White House advisers agreed with him as to the wisdom of this course—not only as to the country as a whole, but Massachusetts, too. I am credibly informed that even the pious Senator Butler himself endorsed the idea. As to the good Calvin it appeared to him sound, sane, sensible. It accorded not only with his judgment, but his inherent instinct and inclination. It not only minimized his personal political risk, which seemed preëminently desirable, but it was in complete tune with the unconscious political philosophy which has for nearly thirty years safely guided his careful feet from one public office to another until dazed but not daunted he found them placed on the steps of the White House itself.

The corner-stone of that philosophy is inertia. When in doubt do nothing. Do nothing even when there is no doubt. Do nothing whenever it is possible. Do something only when it seems absolutely safe or when action cannot be avoided. That sums up the basic thought of the Coolidge politics. It is along these lines he has always operated and it was along these he intended to operate in the recent campaign. And it had been, as stated, agreed that Massachusetts was to be no exception. Oh, all the Massachusetts boys agreed to that in June—and Calvin was sweetly content. He of course wanted Butler elected—wanted it very much, but there seemed no good reason why he should put himself in a position to get kicked, in the unlikely event the Senator was not elected. It not only exposed him to unnecessary risk, but to the charge of inconsistency and favoritism if he singled Butler out for a personal appeal. It would certainly not improve his standing with other Republican Senators up for reelection and anxious for help. Besides everybody in Massachusetts knew he wanted Butler elected, anyhow.

No, sir, the thing to do was to stay quiet. Then no matter what happened he would not be hurt. Losing control of the Senate would make not the slightest difference to him. He never had had any control to lose. Whether Wadsworth and Mills won or lost in New York was not a matter to get excited about. They were Republicans and of course as such ought to be elected and it would be a good thing to beat Smith. But then they say both Wadsworth and Mills want to be President and are rather undependable fellows, anyhow. Butler will win in Massachusetts and the rest isn't a matter for much worry. Nothing can happen that will be disturbing and the thing to do is sit still and do nothing. That is the way the Kitchen Cabinet felt last summer and that is the way they expected to continue. It was early in October that the change came. The story is that up in Massachusetts the practical fellows engaged in the management of the Butler campaign, disheartened at the refusal of Mr. Butler to separate himself from as many dollars for campaign purposes as they had confidently expected, laid it down flat that he was licked unless his White House friend went to bat for him with all he had.

It was not hard to convince any unprejudiced observer that Butler was licked unless something happened to change the situation. Word of this went to Washington and the members of the inner circle left on guard there approached Mr. Coolidge with the idea that it was necessary for him plainly and publicly to tell the people of Massachusetts that Butler must be elected. He must make a public appeal if he was to be saved. The first effort found "our noble and splendid President" perfectly cold to the suggestion. He was not only reluctant but, so I am told, recalcitrant. Word went back to Massachusetts that it could not be done. Pressure was applied, but the President didn't move. Days went by and the situation grew worse. More frantic word came from Massachusetts. The White House group unitedly applied pressure. They pushed and they pulled. Finally, against his better judgment, against his nature and his training, against his instinct, the President yielded and made an appeal in behalf of Mr. Butler almost comic in its character. I do not know exactly who worded that statement for him, but if it had been done by a fellow Democratic friend of the wily Walsh himself it could not have been better calculated to hurt both Mr. Coolidge and Senator Butler. It laid them both wide open to ridicule which is the thing above all others of which this whole Massachusetts régime is afraid. There are those who maintain with some show of logic that it helped bury Mr. Butler. Its outstanding effect, however, was to push the careful Calvin into the open just in time to get kicked in the face. If he had not made that statement nothing in the result anywhere would have affected him personally.

As it was, he got the most direct and personal rebuff possible for a President—the rejection by his home state of his personal friend in the face of a direct and personal Presidential appeal. Quite unnecessarily he was forced to give a remarkable demonstration of his personal weakness and political futility. As a result he sustained a loss of prestige that greatly promotes the chances of watchful and hostile Republican leaders of scaring him away from the next nomination. It was certainly a mistake—that Massachusetts statement—the first real one he has made since he became President. And it was so clearly not his fault that there is no wonder he bristled with resentment against the little group that pushed him into making it—and still does bristle. Nor, if I am not badly misinformed, did he fail in his own restrained way to make those responsible feel his displeasure. There was no outburst, no exhibition of rage, but an acid querulousness that was much harder to bear. If the offending members of the inside circle were not really indispensable to him, if they could be replaced, if he could get along without them, it is likely that two of them at least would have been banished. But acceptable substitutes are not to be found. In the end the querulousness and resentment will wear itself out and the incident will be forgot. But it is not likely that ever again will they be able to pry the good Calvin away from the corner-stone of his political philosophy. He grieves of course about Butler, but I do believe that his real sorrow is over the perfectly unnecessary way in which they got him mussed up. And I don't blame him. Left alone, he would have come through without a tail feather missing. As it is, he has not many left.

T. R. B.

Washington.

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The Shine of Life

Daisy Mayme, by George Kelly. The Playhouse: October 26, 1926.

IF we had a playwright now who could and would write like Congreve, with all his Augustan poetry and rhythm and with that highly invented speech, so brilliant and heady; if someone should write in Shakespeare's diction or even the languorous rich words of Otway; if we heard language like Sheridan's—if, in fact, there were these or any other formula of polished or formal diction tried upon our stage today here in New York, we should see how hard its road would be. It would be set aside as pedantic, literary or artificial or unnatural, pet ways of disposing of dramatic writing that demands certain kinds of listening.

And yet nothing could be truer than that we have our pattern on Broadway. There is the stage Irishman, the stage Jew and stage Frenchman, whose characteristics audiences have long since learned, and who have acquired a sort of naturalness to be judged by standards and types that live only in the footlights and never anywhere in the sun. In the same way exactly there is a language spoken in most of the plays of common life that you recognize from the very first line. It is a language full of its own meanings, its own humor, its own special family connections. You listen to it, you hear its ways of statement, which seem natural enough at the instant, you hear its turns, its wise-cracks, its ready phrases for ready moments. You encounter that baffling query—When a thing is said how else would you say it? The answer of course is, no other way, what is said could be said no other way, for if it were it would be something else. The point is not so much to worry over that fact as it is to realize that you are hearing a stage speech, supposed to be close to life and naturalness itself, but in reality as much a convention or recipe as any in Congreve or Otway or the rest. This popular recipe of ours is less complex and rich, that is all. It is on a lower plane, though it is still on a plane of art, not life. It is somewhat duller, flatter and commoner, which makes it, however, no closer to our life though it brings it closer perhaps to mob principles of democracy, and anyone sits quiet under it.

From such an empty medium of speech, such flat wash in widest commonality spread, Mr. George Kelly's theatre happily delivers us. At the very first line you hear the shine of life come on to the lines. There is an edge of living common speech. In a field that is indeed everyday, domestic, homely and American, we hear from the first curtain our English language take on its infectious beat and beloved familiar savor. For plays out of common life, dramas dealing with our daily material, little household scenes, the tragedies and comedies of plain human beings, and with the avowed intention of naturalness in the ordinary use of the word, Mr. Kelly has a gift of diction that is far ahead of anyone in the American theatre. It was plain to anyone with ears when his Show-Off appeared, it went somewhat further in Craig's Wife, and it has become even better in Daisy Mayme, where it is needed more, since the story is a simple one that depends on intimate detail, and where the shadings are closer and more resonant of human nature. Daisy Mayme exhibits the perfection of domestic, biting speech converted into theatre.

Of the two sensuous avenues by which the art of the theatre is apprehended, the eye and the ear, the eye at present is the one that we travel most importantly. Gesture, movement, scenery, even the actors' appearance to the point of likeness or duplication—casting for type in sum—these go a long way toward conveying to our audiences what stuff of life is to be conveyed. But for a theatre where there is fullness of resource and culture, the ear is no less important than the eye. Its region in the theatre involves that region of our nature that music draws upon; the same fundamental response and excitement is involved, the same underlying essence of our experience. This applies to the lively rhythms of Daisy Mayme, to its register of familiar tones out of our round of ordinary American life, and to the speed and the remarkable variations in tempo that have been coached into the performance. It would be interesting to see this play performed without such directing as Mr. Kelly has given to it at the Playhouse, without this most engaging use of our ears. One thing is certain, the bulk of this piece is larger than most comedies played in the same length of time; there must, I should think, be many more pages than in the average manuscript.

As a comedy, and a comedy to be taken seriously as dramatic writing, Daisy Mayme has one very real limitation. The last act slows down considerably, toward the end we are more or less letting the wind out of it and merely waiting till we are told, roundly and visibly in so many words, that this lovable spinster is to stay in Cliff's house as his wife. This is a pity and could be remedied. What we need is what we shall have to call after all something in the line of the traditional comic surprise, something by which the knots are drawn closer toward the end and the uncertainty of the happy ending hazarded. This hazard, this risk, will in due time be broken, we know, since the play is a comedy; but in the means by which it is broken down will appear something that is not quite known already and that will further reveal the event, the characters, the nature of the situation. With this aim clearly in mind the author of Daisy Mayme might without much difficulty have taken the antagonism of Cliff's family or their opposition to another woman's coming in to rule his roof and cut off their chances of living off him, and so contrived that what threatened to endanger her chances might by overshooting itself or otherwise have suddenly thrown the day to her. This, or some much better contrivance well within Mr. Kelly's talent, would have held the last act to more of a level with those first delightful two.

The story, stripped to a bare thread, is of a brother who has been a bachelor till he is past forty, too busy, too necessary to his mother and then to his sister and her child, to think of his own private happiness. The sister and mother are dead, he has taken May, the niece, to Atlantic City. There she has met Daisy Mayme, a spinster from Harrisburg, whose life has also been devoted to her family, first one and then the other, till time and

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circumstance have freed her and brought her to her senses and a shop of her own, which has done very well and over which she lives in two rooms alone. Cliff has two sisters, whose husbands have proved vague one way or another and who have benefited by Cliff's generosity and labor. He comes home with May and her new friend. The niece has set her heart on Daisy Mayme's staying on. The rest of the plot involves the twists and comic-tragic moments by which we know more of the characters and the way in which this dénouement arrives.

Of the actors every one in the list is chosen with the eye of a man who has been in the theatre a long time —sometimes, as in Mr. Frank Rowan's case, who plays the shifty chap engaged to another niece of Cliff's, the choice is too good almost, and scarcely complimentary to the actor. Every player is picked and coached with the quick instinct that grew with Mr. Kelly's long experience in vaudeville. Every rôle is well played, close to living resemblance and yet pitched in the key of the theatre, exactly as the speech of the play itself is. Miss Josephine Hull as the more amiable of the sisters and Miss Alma Kruger as the other give admirable performances, and so does Miss Jessie Busley as Daisy Mayme. As old Mr. Filoon, the gardener, ninety-one, with the privileges of age and impish candor, Mr. Roy Fant, well known in vaudeville, has a beautiful little interlude to play, to which he brings a make-up a little too strong, but a beautiful wit and pathos like Joe Weber's. This motive of an old man or a child coming in to further the march of the plot is an old one, as indeed are most of the motives of the play, tried and trusty stage motives; but this works only to their favor, since all of them are freshened up and made alive again.

STARK YOUNG.

"Dainty Cubes of Ice"

UNTIL a few weeks ago I have been living in a salmon-colored villa on a hill looking out on the Mediterranean. Between the hill and the sea passed the main road connecting Cannes and Nice, and this accident of location gave me a single advantage over the more prosperous Americans whose villas lay on the sea at Juan-les-Pins or on the chic Cap d'Antibes. I had ice. They, by ignoble bargains with butchers, might acquire an occasional handful to shake a cocktail; but to me it was delivered every day, in theory, a great satisfactory bar. Actually, the factory ran short and I had none for ten days at a time; or the truck broke down; but, at any rate, I was supposed to have ice.

And at intervals my friends and I read in the Saturday Evening Post pages of advertisements of electric refrigeration. My Country 'tis of thee!

I am aware that this sounds like a sneer and that there have been times when I would have meant it to. Yet a sneer is the last thing I want to convey at the moment. I do not believe that ours is a culture consisting exclusively of bathtubs and steel filing-cases made to resemble fumed oak and advertised burial grounds for the illustrious dead. But even if that were all, I should still hold that the sneer, as a unique response to our culture, was premature.

Electric refrigeration is a beautiful example of what we are after. It intends to be clean, economical, certain; it eliminates chores; it incidentally banishes a human being; but my New York ice-man was never a definitely personal quantity in my life, as the ice-man was in France. The machine eliminates a man—but a man whom machinery had almost destroyed in advance.

And added to all its other promises, electric refrigeration offers "dainty cubes of ice," nearly two hundred of them always ready for use. If I could resist the rest, I should break down here. It is an aspiration to luxury accomplished in a sort of excess of enthusiasm over a domestic convenience; it is an image of "cool distinguished comfort" (as I recall the advertisement). Dainty cubes of ice—leisure without an ice-pick, uniformity where variety is a nuisance; we approach the English country-house as an ideal of existence—if we avoid the oth[illegible] is so much easier to achieve, the luxury-hotel.

The dainty cubes confess that economy [illegible] are not enough, and that the American man shall not live by sanitation alone. And it seems to me that they suggest something of the effect which our raw materials and our ways of handling them will have on us. We have been dealing with metals and ores singularly ill-adapted to the florid, to rococo. In one period, after the Civil War, we had a fancy for decoration and later fled from it not to simplicity, but to Mission. But in the steel age we can build neither baroque nor the falsely simple. We will ultimately have to build structurally, because concrete is not chiffon. And that means that our major products, solid, economically and tidily made, will accustom our minds to the good qualities of workmanship.

We run the risk of construction without any creative power behind it. Our imaginations are not likely to riot. But our mechanics and our applied science are teaching us something valuable about the methods of the artist; not the romantic lyricist, but the impassioned creator within laws and disciplines of his own discovery, the artist who cheerfully accepts the necessity for brainwork. The impulse to create is unaccountable; we know little of the environment which fosters it. But the habits of mind which carry the impulse to execution are observable; I suggest that our national preoccupations are not hostile to those habits.

And, perhaps as a by-product, I fancy that concrete and steel and electric refrigeration are having a good effect on American taste. In Cartier's window in Paris there stood for months a clock made—as far as I could identify the tortured materials—of a slab of onyx on which rose two sets of pillars of ebony supporting a further slab of [illegible] red semi-precious ore; between these slabs and pillars [illegible] the clock proper, a dial glittering with gold-[illegible] around which moved hands encrusted with [illegible], pointing to numerals in rubies or garnet. No doubt the clock was eventually bought by an American; but my contention is that Big Ben is a more beautiful object. In a house in Palm Beach there is a lavatory seat in the form of an imported armchair (obviously the period would be Louis the Fifteenth); and again the plumbing advertised in the Saturday Evening Post seems more attractive. Our clocks and our dynamos and our radiators are not the

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results of an impulse to self-expression; they communicate nothing. But there is in them the same pleasure in precision, in work well done, in neatness and mastery, that there is in the workings of a well made play. We should delude ourselves if we thought it was the highest pleasure; but we are singularly stupid if we get no pleasure at all.

It seems to me that American artists have been timid about using American methods, just as in the past they were timid about using American materials. We have let our imaginations run free, but with foreign material, as in the stories of Poe or the buildings of Stanford White; or used American material with a strong impulse and little discipline—from Mark Twain to Theodore Dreiser. It is a commonplace that architecture was the first of the arts to combine a strong native impulse with a strong discipline in keeping with the nature of the materials used, and architecture may stand as the type of our way of creating for some time to come. It is not exuberant; but urban America is not exuberant either, it is only excited. It is not florid. It is the product of science and it has beauty, a beauty entirely native to us and acceptable to us. It is the flowering in art of certain habits of living, ways of thinking and feeling, which for the most part express themselves in our slick inventions, our comforts and our domestic conveniences. It suggests that cubes of ice are not an end in themselves.

GILBERT SELDES.

"Vivid" and His Pals

III—Reality in Fiction

I HAVE been trying, in two earlier articles, to cut away some of the underbrush which lies between us and a clearer understanding of what we mean when we say of fiction that it is "real," that it possesses what critics seem to be unanimous in demanding as its highest achievement, "reality." It should be fairly plain at this point that "reality" is the goal; it remains to define more precisely the qualities, the relations between life and fiction, that lurk behind a really, really real "reality," and to subdivide the vast contents of that word into possibly usable fragments. The terms "vivid," "authentic," "alive," "true to life" are scarcely more than synonyms, and if we are to get anywhere we must explore further into necessarily vague and perilous matter. Since the raw material of fiction is chiefly human beings, our examination should be mainly concerned with human beings and the mystery of their translation into the characters in a novel.

The physical binder—In actual life, people reveal themselves to us by what they say and do, by what we hear about them, by what we learn about them from others. But as a rule none of these data counts as much toward our impression of their aliveness, their "reality," as the grossly simple fact that they are alive, that they stand and move and act before us in physical presence. Though we may be totally unable to recall anything that a person we have just seen has said, unable to find any identifying words of description for him, the memory of his presence will be strong upon us, so powerful is the impression of the mere physical presence. The living body is the central fact, from which all the attributes of speech and action flow, and it has a powerful reality even when these other attributes are not clear in our mind. To evoke something comparable to this powerful but vague impression is the despair of novelists, and their eternal labor. The great majority of them acknowledge the power of the purely physical presence, and lay siege to it with minute descriptions of noses, eyes, ears, complexions, hats, gaits, laughs and teeth, almost always unsuccessfully. These noses and eyes mean much when they are part of a body standing before us. They can mean little more, when separated from the body, than printed words tacked up on a wall. Only when something approaching the body's solidity has been evoked by speech or action on the part of the character do the nose and eyes and complexion become significantly connected with a whole. It is the novelist's difficult task to strain the characteristics of a human being through the thick wall of print and reassemble them, into a new truth, on the other side.

The armor of personality—But there are people who resist this reassembling. We can all think of people who cannot be described, whose personalities, though strong and obvious, retreat within themselves and offer no handholds to the words that would qualify them. They can be, they have been captured in fiction, though rarely. Some of them are to be found alive in books. Surely our praise, leaning so heavily upon the word "reality," ought to make a distinction between the creation of such as they and the easier creation of characters possessed of much more than the novelist can take hold of. They are "true to life," but truer to a more inscrutable, evasive life: there should be some term to express this.

The novelist habitually tries to make holes, effect an entrance, into a refractory personality. Through the very holes through which he is trying to spy out the intimate machinery, the essence of the personality often escapes. Some characters, like delicate statuary, will have to be transported whole, from life or the imagination's distillation of it, into a book, or not at all. Others can be taken apart, put together again like a Ford, and will still go on running.

Independence—The novelist is a jealous god. The most difficult feat before him is to keep himself out of his creation when he is not wanted. Since his characters owe so much to him, what is more natural than that he should assert his paternity, pretend to omniscience, pull visibly upon the strings which animate his dolls? There are many good novels of course in which the novelist is seen moving busily about, speaking, interpreting, commenting. When he knows he is doing this, when he does it with a purpose, when he takes his place in a definite pattern, all is perhaps well. But the most successful characters seem to be partly the result of the author keeping his hands off. From a seed planted by him, the characters seem to grow up by themselves—these are the most durable ones, the most distinct, the most "alive" or "real." There is here a profound difference in method which should have critical recognition, and words to express it.

Everyday reality—These remarks concern more the methods by which "reality" is achieved, and leave the word, if somewhat more limited, still too vague. Obviously in

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everyday life, there are many kinds of "reality." You walk past grocery stores to the post office, buy twenty two-cent stamps and come home on a street car. Later you see, down some long avenue, a peculiar tinge of sunset, and a high building against it. The first experience is all fact, and to that extent "real," the second is all emotional impression; you could swear to the first on a witness stand, as to the second, words fail you, and all you possess is a feeling, sharp, but ineffable. Which of these experiences is the more "real" to you? Clearly the second. Which of them, if successfully transplanted into a book, would be the most "true to life"? Probably both of them. But only one, the second, according to the critical use of the word, would be worth calling "real." So that "real" does not mean "real" at all, but something more connected with intensity of experience. And an intense experience need not be real at all—a dream can have this quality of intensity far more than anything founded upon fact.

The creative eye—We are back again to that old friend, "the eye of the beholder." A scene, a human being may be raised, above the factual "reality" felt by you and me, to a high and concentrated degree of "reality" by the white-hot all-devouring eye of the artist in words. His picture corresponds to what we saw, we recognize the original, we may even re-see it ourselves. To that extent it is "real," or true to the life we observed. But it has gained a new, a super-life, a fictional "reality" which has been fused in the imagination's heat. In lesser, but still capable hands this character or scene may have a reportorial reality sharper than what we saw with our everyday eyes. The critics and reviewers would use the same word, "reality," for the journalistic and for the artistic product, and the same word again for what we poor bystanders had managed to see.

Intensity—Life is quite real to most of us, but if it struck our senses and feelings, all the time, as sharply as it seems to strike the writer of a great novel, we could not bear it. The heat and intensity and constancy of the experience would wither us away. To the extent that it does not wither us away, we are failing to experience "real" life. And probably deep, "real" experience of life is as rare in life itself as it is in literature. Either we must save the word "real" for the few intense experiences, in life or books, or we must find another word. "Intense" itself will obviously not do, since it is already as worn as "real" and will soon become even more so.

There are no words that will do as substitutes for the many uses of "reality." I can think of no workable gradations on that multiple, ambiguous scale. Its dictionary sense is after all the only one that remains—something that exists, or that seems to exist. Which is a large enough roof to cover the whole world. I can think of no words that will tag, succinctly and handily, all the relationships between life and its translation into books. There are so many ways of making that translation which greatly affect the precise degree and kind of its "reality." There are so many other things also that can not, even loosely, be talked of as "reality" and yet that have power to change its quality. We say that certain characters, for instance, are "real," we go even further and try to define this. But surely the intrinsic excellence of the characters, the sort of people they are as well as how "real" they become, is a vital determining factor. Does not as much depend upon the nature, the choice of the character himself, as upon what is chosen of him to present to us? Or do we learn from the Russians that the finest creative eye has power to transform the most negligible human worms into an experience more intense than one from the recollection of our own lives?

I seem to have emerged into great cosmic open spaces where there are no landmarks and perhaps equally little water for a parched reader. The heart of the matter is still far away below the horizon, very likely for a prolonged stay. But it is in these fenceless deserts, marked only with questions, questions, like endless sage-brush, that the critic's job really begins. I wish some of them would once in a while explain what they mean by their "vivid" and "authentic," their "true" and "real." Anything that would tear up some of the old [illegible] tags, even if only to replace them with new [illegible] from all-wool as they, would be a welcome improvement.

ROBERT LITTELL.

CORRESPONDENCE

What We Have Done in Haiti

SIR: In the New Republic for October 6 the wish is expressed that a recent letter of mine to Secretary Work of the Interior Department, describing the transformation now taking place in conditions which affect the welfare of the common people of Haiti, had also discussed the following aspects of the question—"Is it right for the people of the United States to impose their standards of sanitation, order and education by force of arms on people who do not want them, as there is reason to believe is the case with the Haitians? Are these people being prepared to travel alone or for continued and increasing dependence on the United States?"

My letter to the Secretary did not attempt to deal with government policies, but I welcome an opportunity to give my impression of the wisdom and ethical soundness of the presence of the United States in Haiti, and to express the belief that not only are the people being prepared to travel alone, but it is only through the kind of guidance and direction they are now receiving that they can be fitted for self-rule.

I wish also to state that education, sanitation and the other things that are doing so much to promote the welfare of the people of Haiti are not being accomplished by force of arms. When 250 ill and maimed people wait by the roadside in mountain districts for the doctors which American occupation has employed, to bring them relief from pain and cure the two diseases that have long been a curse to the people of this country, there is no need to discuss compulsion. It does not exist. Even the voodoo doctors are abandoning their superstitions to enjoy this blessing.

When boys, who as common laborers can only get twenty cents a day, have a chance to be trained to become carpenters and blacksmiths at many times the ordinary wages, as is now being [illegible] the agricultural schools, they don't need to be forced.

When I went to Haiti in August last, I had no [illegible] studying the government. I went there to learn something [illegible] island's irrigation possibilities. I had what I believe is the prevailing American idea, that our intervention was a sordid affair, brought about in order to secure payment of debts to the people of the United States and other countries. But when I saw public buildings erected out of savings, country schools going up on the brush-bordered roads, and read of how farmers who had formerly had to hide out in the daytime, to keep from being made unwilling members of guerrilla bands, could now sleep at noon under their own mango tree, I began to realize that something wonderful and not understood here was going on and that Haiti had enlisted the

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altruism, efficiency and zeal of a remarkably able body of men, who are not only making government peaceful, solvent and efficient, but showing to the humblest of these people what the complex thing we call civilization really means.

It is a mistake to think of Haiti as being under a military domination. It was necessary at first for force to be used to stop the hundred-year record of pillage and lawlessness which culminated in the death of President Sam and the complete breakdown of the government, but today practically all of the constabulary are native Haitians under white U. S. Marine officers. The training of these natives has, however, included more than how to be a soldier. They are becoming civil administrators, with an understanding of the changes going on. That means training to be independent administrators in the future.

As for nine out of ten of the native Haitians, they never knew what freedom and justice meant until the United States came in. President Louis Borno, when visiting this country last year, said "the treaty of 1915 grew out of a conviction that the problems of law and order, of material improvements and social amelioration, could better be effected by collaboration with the United States." He also stated that "results have vindicated the policy of the two governments."

All human experience shows that the ability of any people to govern themselves does not come as a gift from Heaven. There must be education and training in the things that constitute democracy, but until 1915 the people of Haiti, outside of a few cities, had had no chance to advance beyond what they were when they threw off the yoke of slavery and they were then about as well fitted for self-government as children seven years old.

From Christophe, who robbed the people that he might build his Sans Souci palace, to Guillaume Sam, who a hundred years later clapped 167 of his political opponents in jail and then murdered them, the people of Haiti had nothing to do with government. They were victims of the struggle for power on the part of a few ruthless leaders. The record of a hundred years was one continuous and awful tragedy.

It took force to stop this. That force now is entirely subordinate to the great scheme of education, physical betterment and social improvement which is the outgrowth of sympathy, ability and unselfishness as applied to administration.

It would be a calamity to terminate this prematurely. My own belief is that it will take fifty years for the schools, the hospitals, the administrative training of the native Haitians in the different departments of the government to enable its institutions to become firmly established and prepare these people to travel alone.

Washington, D. C. ELWOOD MEAD.

The Garment Strike

SIR: We are constrained to believe that your somewhat belated comment on the coat and suit strike in New York, appearing in your issue of October 13, is not based upon thorough understanding of the events and issues of this deplorable situation. You make a sweeping indictment of the use of injunctions in labor disputes without, apparently, giving any consideration to the merits of our appeal for injunctive relief. You content yourself with quoting the union leaders' view of the injunction, even though this view was held specious by two justices of the Supreme Court.

The affidavits upon which our plea for an injunction were made recited close to one hundred specific instances of appalling brutality on the part of thugs employed by the garment union. Men swore that they were kidnapped, taken to the halls where the strikers met and subjected to an inquisition that left them in dire need of medical aid. Many were confined to hospitals for days as a result of these vicious proceedings. Designers and foremen, who have never been affiliated with any union, were numerous among the victims. This was a palpable effort to create a reign of terror that would paralyze all production activity.

This strike is due primarily to a bitter factional fight in the union, involving the Communist and so-called "right wing" groups. It is not the result of the rejection of any just demands made upon the employers.

An impartial investigation would substantiate this charge. Should you desire to conduct one, we would be glad to extend to you all possible coöperation.

We commend the facts in the controversy to your attention. The crisis arose from the Union's refusal to abide by the recommendations of a Special Commission appointed by the Governor to investigate the coat and suit industry in the hope of establishing a basis for permanent peace. Two years were spent by the Commission in studying this industry. Our organization, convinced of the competence and good faith of the Commission, agreed to accept the Commission's findings, although these did not afford anything like the relief we sought. The Union's flat rejection of the recommendations was due entirely to the factional differences within the organization.

We realize that your editorial was directed chiefly against the use of injunctions in labor disputes. We would welcome any suggestion from you as to what other means the manufacturers could have employed to combat the wanton lawlessness of the union's hirelings. Much of moment could be written upon the intimate relationship of the underworld and some of the trade unions in New York City.

We await, as eagerly as you do, the outcome of an appeal from the injunction. The decisive action of two justices of the Supreme Court in restraining the union and its paid sympathizers will, undoubtedly, be sustained and the stand of the manufacturers will again be vindicated.

Your reference to the La Guardia incident is without significance. Of course, the police released him when they found that he was not a striker picketing in defiance of a Supreme Court order. . . .

The New Republic has done nothing to place the facts of the situation in the garment industry before its readers. Surely this failure cannot be due to the fact that public opinion has been so overwhelmingly upon the side of the Industrial Council in this dispute.

We trust that you will find it possible to give some space to this letter. We sincerely believe that your readers were not acquainted with the true elements of the crisis in our industry in your editorial of October 13. MAX MEYER, Secretary,

New York, N. Y. Industrial Council.

French Archives and the War Guilt Question

SIR: For several years past a small body of truth-loving men in France has been vainly pleading for the opening of the French archives. Until these archives are opened no final and just judgment is possible in the matter of the French responsibility for the outbreak of the War. The French government, it is true, has on various occasions felt called upon to publish in full one or another document out of the French diplomatic correspondence pertaining to the July crisis of 1914. It has, however, not yet been able to make up its mind to publish the whole documentary material bearing on the outbreak of the War.

The Berlin Central Bureau for the Investigation of the Causes of the War has now launched an attack against the passive resistance shown by the French government in refusing to assist in the ascertainment of the truth concerning the outbreak of the War by making possible an appeal to the official documentary material in the possession of the Quai d'Orsay. The Berlin Office now publishes the French Yellow Book of 1914 corrected and supplemented by means of documents that have in the meantime come to light. This new edition of the Yellow Book is published by the Deutsche Verlagsgesellschaft für Politik und Geschichte and edited by Alfred von Wegerer.

. . . The preface makes the demand that the French government should at least render accessible the originals of the documents hitherto published to the scrutiny of historically trained critics. Until this has been done the historian will not be able to utilize the French Yellow Book as a thoroughly reliable source.

It will be interesting to see what attitude the French government and the French press adopt toward this German edition of the French documents relating to the outbreak of the War.

Berlin, Germany. V. WROBLEWSKI.

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Man Is War

Man Is War, by John Carter. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 398 pages. $3.50.

HERE is a book which promises logical treatment of its subject. The title is a theorem which we expect to be proved by an application of the principles of reasoning to the multitude of facts which constitute the premises. On the contrary, it appears that the interest and value of the book lie in the observations which the writer has had unusual opportunity of making in regard to the present state of the world. He has been connected with the New York Times and the London Daily Chronicle, attached to the State Department, attached to the American Embassy at Rome, and recruiting officer of European publicists for the Williamstown Institute of Politics. In the course of this experience he has accumulated a good deal of information. But Mr. Carter informs us that he has deliberately suppressed the footnotes which would give authority to his statements, in order to concentrate attention on his opinions and ideas, that is, his thesis. And that thesis exists merely to give a titular and artificial emphasis to statements to which it is by no means a necessary conclusion.

In the first place it is to be remarked that Mr. Carter uses war in a double sense, as descriptive of that state of domestic turmoil which is the concomitant of a competitive society, and also of the organized mass combat between nations or groups of nations which constitutes a danger to civilization. It will be generally agreed that "Capitalism, the most workable of all social compromises, carries within it seeds of strife sufficient to disrupt the societies through which it operates and to disintegrate the human beings who compose those societies. Capital is War." This conception was given masterly analysis and exposition a few years ago in Professor Veblen's Nature of Peace. But what Mr. Carter is mainly interested in, if we may judge from the emotion with which he discusses pacifism and the League of Nations, is the international conflict which in his view is bound to occur according to a rhythm as definite as the business cycle. This, unlike the former, is a highly speculative proposition to which Mr. Carter's facts do not necessarily point. Indeed, the heat with which he berates his opponents as "the swarm of peace enthusiasts," "the fawning sentimentalists, the weepy emotionalists and the professional alarmists," "the ludicrous apostles sent forth from Geneva," betrays a lack of confidence in his own case. When he declares "Until American women realize that it is a rank impertinence on their part to preach pacifism to children whose problems they cannot foresee, America will be in danger of the greatest downfall in history," he does not recognize that his opponents foresee exactly the same problems that he does, and merely deny that they must inevitably be met in the same way.

Just where Mr. Carter's practical quarrel with those from whom he differs begins is hard to determine. He accuses them of "submerging" the "few intelligent groups who are seriously trying to present the facts to the world." On the contrary, we should expect to find them among the most interested and sympathetic beneficiaries of Mr. Carter's information. They doubtless agree with him that "it was the idealism of the United States, properly stimulated and expertly directed, which brought this country into the anti-German coalition," and that "the same idealism has been successfully invoked to keep the United States from any intercourse with the naughty but potentially profitable Soviets." So far from seeking to submerge Mr. Carter they will be most anxious to bring him to the surface. As we have said, it is a pity that Mr. Carter does not always present his facts in usable form. When, for example, he tells us that: "At one time every power in Europe was doing its best to involve the United States in a war with Great Britain and Japan," and that "the scheme was barely averted by the refusal of General Smuts and Arthur Meighen at the Imperial Conference of 1921 to agree to Lord Curzon's pointblank demand for a renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance," we should like to have the statement floated on a few authorities.

As a plea for a firm and realistic diplomacy supported by a watchful and well informed public opinion Mr. Carter's book is to be welcomed. Apparently, however, Mr. Carter's preparedness would go farther than this, if we may judge from his lament over the United States navy, "destroyed" by the Washington Conference. Hence it is pertinent to ask the question "Prepare for what and against whom?" Mr. Carter envisages three fields of [illegible] international struggle which may develop into [illegible] Russia-Poland-Germany, the Near East and the Far East. In two of these areas the United States has no special interests. In the third, her natural alliance is with Russia against Japan—but here we have Mr. Carter's word for it that in this field "no war seems likely in the near future." Of course should a conflict in any one of these quarters develop into a world war, the United States might be drawn in, as in 1917; but again we have it from Mr. Carter himself that "No world war is possible at present, owing to the absence of the United States in any sharply drawn alignment of nations." Apparently, to hold this strategic position is the best guarantee of peace in the world, and any form of preparedness directed by friendly or hostile reference to such alignments would have the effect of abandoning it. When Mr. Carter upbraids the United States with holding the balance of power, but refusing to make use of it, one is tempted to inquire rudely, "What do you mean, balance of power?" or more politely, "Does not a balance disappear when it is used?"

Mr. Carter's thesis is fundamentally biological, although, based as he says on his own experience, his argument is largely political. He considers that the combative instinct is part of human nature, and that human nature cannot remain healthy without its exercise. As has been noted, granting this proposition does not commit us to accepting international mass warfare as a necessity. There are moral equivalents, to which, however, Mr. Carter pays scant attention. "Civilization has harnessed to the use of war the primitive forces which are as old as man: rhythm, vanity, herd instinct and rallying instinct. Their symbols are the fife and drum, the uniform, the regiment and the flag. Against these the peace-mongers storm in vain, for they are so deep in human nature that they can never be eliminated." Once more we venture to suggest that if Mr. Carter is so sure of this he would let the peace-mongers storm on. In a well known passage Bacon casts doubt on the sincerity of atheists on the ground that if they were entirely convinced, they would go quietly about their business of enjoying the present life whereas they are perpetually seeking to draw other men to their way of thinking. But to atheists and to militarists their faith involves a moral principle. Mr. Carter considers the possibility of a world in which all seeds of conflict, international, industrial, racial, religious, should be eliminated. This condition, which is utopia to Mr. Wells, to Mr. Carter "will spell the easeful death of degeneracy." Mr. Carter, like

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Huxley, sees the "cosmic process" of evolution, the struggle for existence and survival of the fittest, in opposition to the "ethical process" which seeks to control these impulses by intelligence, in the interest of social organization. Huxley recognized the danger that the ethical process might proceed too rapidly for the welfare of individuals or the safety of the state in a world where force was necessary to survival; but he was far from accepting the naked proposition that war, in either of the senses in which Mr. Carter employs it, rests on an element in human nature which can never be changed. His authority may be set against Mr. Carter's:

> Ethical nature may count upon having to reckon with a tenacious and powerful enemy as long as the world lasts. But, on the other hand, I see no limit to the extent to which intelligence and will, guided by sound principles of investigation, and organized in common effort, may modify the conditions of existence for a period longer than that now covered by history. And much may be done to change the nature of man himself. The intelligence which has converted the brother of the wolf into the faithful guardian of the flock ought to be able to do something towards curbing the instincts of savagery in civilized men.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Philosophy, Science and Knowledge

The Ways of Knowing or The Methods of Philosophy. By Wm. Pepperell Montague. New York: The Macmillan Company. 427 pages. $5.

LEST some ambitious seeker should by the title of this book have hope raised of a completely paved and lighted tourist road to wisdom, let me at once disillusion the unwary by pointing to the alternative title as being by far the more accurate sign post. Summer is over; comes now the winter for those of deeper bent. This is primarily a book of philosophy, by a philosopher, for philosophers. But that is no adequate reason for any intellectually curious person to pass it by completely; some in receiving philosophers have entertained angels unawares. If the very quintessence of reality which the philosopher hopes ultimately to encompass be so much as glimpsed by him, his acquaintanceship ought to be worth some effort.

But is that too large an if? There is, when objectively considered, a certain irony—some would say poetic justice—in the fact that the one person in modern life who most preoccupies himself with reality should seem to men in general to get so little that is real. At a time when philosophy in distinguished quarters is modestly calling itself criticism (cf. John Dewey's Experience and Nature and Warner Fite's A Moral Philosophy), it might be well to consider placing the blame for this upon philosophy rather than upon mankind. The servant is not above his master. Philosophy occupies three levels. The first, spontaneous reflection upon life as raw experience. Then when these reflections are written or otherwise preserved, there is reflection upon them. And finally there may be criticism of this second level of reflection, becoming thus, to borrow Plato's fine figure, thrice removed from reality. Philosophy on the first level is practiced by all men, but reaches its pinnacle in physical science. On the second level philosophy appears, for example, as literary criticism. On the third level philosophy becomes technical, if not esoteric, and loses its audience if not its soul. This is philosophy as taught.

There might be some gain for philosophy if we, following Plato's treatment of artists, ostracized all philosophers who deal with reality at three removes. We might, in the spirit of William James, say: only such things shall be debatable among philosophers as are drawn from common life, from science, from industry and from art; professional philosophers—so our edict might continue—will hereafter, in the interest of the common good, forego the luxury of criticizing one another. One advantage of such an interdiction would be that this review could not be written, and one of the disadvantages would be that Professor Montague's most human book would have to be at least rewritten. For while science, looked at liberally, is certainly humanity's most successful attempt to discover and to exploit all the effective "ways of knowing"—a fact of course that Montague the man accepts, though sometimes as philosopher obscures — this book takes as its primary material the isms that have to do not so much with specific knowing as with systematic knowledge, with the attainment of satisfactory overbeliefs in logic and epistemology.

Two problems are posed for solution: (1) what are the various methods used for attaining beliefs, and how may they be so treated as to achieve the maximum of truth? (2) what is the relation of objects known to the knower—wholly independent, wholly dependent, or relative without being subjective?

Regarding the first problem, there are five constructive methods in use. Each claims in general the whole field of knowledge. So much cannot be granted to any; but enough can be granted to each to justify its existence. Authoritarianism can report the field experienceable "only by other minds than our own"; mysticism, the strictly private field of values, intuitions, and "ultimate and ineffable truth"; rationalism, "the domain of commensurable and abstract relations" (best represented by mathematics); empiricism, the field where personal observation upon external objects is possible; and pragmatism, the field of "individual and social conduct." The negative method of scepticism must then be recognized as a sixth to serve as "a necessary prophylactic for each of them, and as a constant reminder of the limitations of human faculty and the need of tolerance and open-mindedness, especially on the part of philosophers." Apart from concrete methods of knowing, Professor Montague's treatment of these isms constitutes brilliant comment upon certain general philosophical attitudes. It must be said, however, that his eventual "federation" of these various isms is more mechanical than organic, calculated to please neither democrats nor federalists. Each method gets for its private knowledge-gratification whatever province (reality being good enough to fall into the nice number of five) no other method clamors too noisily for in the bellum omnium contra omnes. This is surely victory without peace. And in spite of the genuine tolerance shown in denying no method a field of its own (even a God must be allowed for mysticism to know, upon the general ground that "where there is so much smoke," there is probably concealed a "gaseous vertebrate"), the assignment—and so the harmony—is possible only by the Hobbesian method of dictatorship; so fraught always with paradox is the path of the too peaceful. What is particularly puzzling, a puzzle nowhere resolved, is the specific method of knowing whereby Professor Montague as the benevolent despot knows how to assign each method of

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knowing to the province of reality willing and waiting to be known by it. It would be a scandal to philosophy if the method that he uses in this case lies outside philosophy.

The same synthetic enterprise is continued in the same conciliatory spirit through the second part of the discussion. There are three outstanding beliefs regarding what the universe would be like if there were no mind to know it. One holds that it would be just the same; another, that it would not be at all; and still another, that though it would be the same, there is operative in the process of knowing an order of agencies parallel with the natural order making knowledge possible but possible also errors without peopling the physical universe with bent spoons whenever we eat, with elongated V's whenever we travel via the observation car, or with serpentine horrors whenever we sneak into a "speak-easy." Each of these beliefs is restated in a fashion so resourceful as to leave a residual harmony, and this common residuum is then taken as being what really constitutes the heart of each, even though clearly it is only the feathers of fighting cocks that mingle, not their vital humors. Again peace at any price.

It is the category of the "possible" that turns the trick. Whatever is possible is actual in a new sense—not that it must exist but that it must at least "subsist." To be real carries thus no obligation to clutter up space and time, but a general amenability to knowledge through the operation of "essence," to use the magic phrase furnished this realistic school by Santayana. To know the essence of a thing is to get close enough to hear its heartbeat but not close enough to spoil its constitution. This solution of the problem of epistemology by means of an ambiguous term was made respectable by John Locke's use of the term "idea"—in the mind "sensations," in the object "qualities." The Critical Realists, too, have found their fortune in a conception that can mean both content of mind and essence of things known. There is something of high appropriateness in the fact that a problem that is largely, if not wholly, constituted by a definition (of mind and matter as mutually exclusive) should be thus solved by a definition (that reunites the two, albeit without benefit of clergy). Of course knowledge is difficult enough to attain at the best; but without such a compromising initial assumption the problem of knowledge becomes problems of knowing to be resolved experimentally rather than dialectically.

But this is opinion against opinion; and opinion can be made triumphant only in dialogue where the same person furnishes both the question and the answer. Professor Montague manifests, therefore, the intuition of an artist in closing his book in such a form of discourse, in which, having already shown the world the errors of his opponents, he now induces them reluctantly to accept his point of view, and live unhappily together ever afterwards. The minimum that a philosopher can demand, and perhaps the maximum that a philosopher can achieve, is manifested throughout this book—an intimate knowledge of the history of philosophy and a fairness in dealing with opposing views. As for the rest, a philosopher is human and must be allowed the luxury of selecting what he needs from his opponents to describe the world as he himself sees it. Professor Montague has written a more ingenious book than the model he took—Sidgwick's Methods of Ethics—but not so profound a book. His learning is great, his manner temperate, and his humor genial. If he has not fully satisfied other logicians and epistemologists, he has fairly convinced himself. If he has not written a great book, he has at least written a book that shows symptoms of philosophic greatness.

T. V. Smith.

A Great Crook

You Can't Win, by Jack Black, with a foreword by Robert Herrick. New York: The Macmillan Company. 394 pages. $2.

ONCE in a long while there appears a book of which one can say unreservedly: here is a thoroughly interesting and entertaining book, which everyone should read. You Can't Win is just such a book. There are good books which one can afford to let go by, because there is after all a very fair quantity of good books, but Jack Black's is much more than that—it is an experience, a solitary, perhaps unique experience, which you will be the poorer in a number of ways for not sharing. In addition, it is that rarer bird still, a book to reread. Nothing half as rewarding has come down the highway of books about thieves, tramps, murderers, bootleggers and crooks in years.

There has been a quantity of such literature. We have always had a weak spot for tramps and criminal characters. The spot is getting larger. James Stevens and Jim Tully come at once to mind, but their bounce and vainglory seem amateurish when compared with Jack Black's unimpeachable professionalism and quiet voice. For Black is the real thing, a man who has been through what novelists would have given fortunes to have shared, and he is a most vigorous, graphic and telling writer as well. His twenty-five years in the underworld began when, as a boy of fourteen, he was sent by his boss to collect a milk bill owed by one of the "cribs" in the small town. By accident the house was pinched, and Black was taken along with the madam and the girls to the police station. He spent a night in jail, the first of many. Always he writes about jails and prisons with a sharp eye and acute understanding. Each lock-up has as much character and individuality, under his hand, as if it were a human being, from the one-horse "mail-order cell" to San Quentin and the "playhouse" at Salt Lake City and the grisly inferno where he was subjected to, and survived with honor, the ordeal of the strait-jacket. He can make each jail and its curious inhabitants interesting, without a trace of the will to be dramatic or picturesque, seeing them, in his mind, as they were to him then, an inmate, and not as they might catch a reader's eye.

Jack Black had hard luck as well as good, as the length of the sentences to jail will tell, but on the whole he was an able and painstaking cracksman. His colleagues respected him; and he was himself as he described "St. Louis Frank," "an honest, industrious, intelligent thief," a thief who had "character." There is no irony in Jack Black's definition of a crook with a good "character": one who does wrong things, but always tries to do them in the right way and at the right time.

Yet the fruit of all Black's good character and industry was pitifully small: "Arriving safely at Vancouver, I took stock and found myself sick, weighing one hundred and ten pounds, with a ferocious hop habit, about ten dollars, and a big pistol—the gatherings of forty years." Elsewhere he calculates that the gross earnings of his career averaged less than nine dollars a day, and bitterly reflects how much the same amount of hard work would have brought him in honest business. It must have come over him, as it comes over us, while he was writing these recollections, that his was an astonishing life, a harmful, dangerous and sordid life, yet also a fascinating one, raw, strong and full. Impossible not to envy it. The commonplace of the re-

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spectable and sedentary sighing, "Oh, for a life of crime," is in the reading of this book revivified. There are not many people of honest occupation who have been able to drink so deep and generously of life, the oversalted and sinister depths of which are not always, in retrospect at any rate, the least rewarding.

What a crowd of pictures stays in our mind after this book is closed! The young boy being entertained at dinner in the whore-house, the rescue of Julia, the first "job," the perilous succession of easy "boxes" and tough breaks, the Mormons, decent and uncomplaining, jailed for "cohabitation," the lying for six hours on damp grass waiting for the "stool-pigeon moon" to go down, the "wino" and hop joints in San Francisco, the bums "slopping up" in a "jungle convention," Salt Chunk Mary, fence, procuress and friend, her heroic jamboree, returning home after a two days' drunk with her legs through the broken window of a cab; the gamblers in Butte, for whose benefit, when winners, a barber shop and a clothing-store were open all night long; the silent Chinamen, three in a row, being driven by their queues to the station-house desk, policemen holding the queues like charioteers; the reproachful, tired eye of the dog whose master, dead drunk, Jack Black was separating from his cash; Foot-and-a-half George, whose eyes, "small and cunning," "looked as if they had been taken out, fried in oil and put back"; the long cold rides in box-cars; Bat Masterson, the cards in his hand and a gun in his lap; the dynamite stored in safety-deposit boxes; the wallets, minus their money, honestly returned to owners; the restless sleeper from under whose pillow Black was slowly sliding the payroll. . . .

Jack Black's story combines so many things: the carefully worked out detail and suspense of the detective story, the sharp eye and ears of a collector of fellow characters, all very different and alive, the naked, honest, unfevered revelation of the autobiography of a man's heart and mind. Black has the natural story-teller's quick narrative stride, the good novelist's interest in things and people that merely lie by the way, and the nervous, pliable, accurate language of one for whom words are a pleasure in themselves. And beyond all these, the accent of unbloated and undiminished truth. R. L.

Autumn Poets

A Bouquet from France, by Wilfrid Thorley. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 268 pages. $2.25.

An anthology of a hundred French poems, from Froissart to Paul Fort, with translations. Mr. Thorley's success as a translator is quite remarkable. French poetry in English has a way of seeming rather insipid; but Mr. Thorley has managed to substitute for the smooth modulations of French verse the more vigorous rhythms of English. His principal fault is an inveterate addiction to the conventional language of poetic tradition, so that an effect of simplicity or directness is sometimes lost: thus, the words of Hope to the Danaides, at the end of Sully-Prudhomme's sonnet—"Mes sœurs, si nous recommencions!"—lose a good deal of their force by being inflated into,

> Life!
> Lean down and dip thine amphora and fill.

It is also true that Mr. Thorley tends a little to make all the poets sound alike: Baudelaire loses something of his exactitude and edge; the silvery timbre of Verlaine is muted; and on the sharply stamped medals of Hérédia the crowded detail is rather blurred.

Savonarola, a Dramatic Poem, by Charlotte Eliot, with an introduction by T. S. Eliot. London: R. Cobden Sanderson. 99 pages.

This dramatic poem, in rhymed couplets, is chiefly of interest for the preface by T. S. Eliot. The Savonarola of the poem, says Mr. Eliot, "has escaped from the cloister to the parsonage," just as Bernard Shaw's St. Joan "has escaped from the parsonage to a studio in Chelsea, and pretends to be one of the People. Savonarola is a contributor to the Hibbert Journal; Joan is a Life-Forcer déclassée." Of the possibilities for a modern poetic drama, Mr. Eliot writes: "We cannot reinstate either blank verse or the heroic couplet. The next form of drama will have to be a verse drama, but in new verse forms. Perhaps the conditions of modern life (think how [illegible] is now played in our sensory life by the internal-combustion engine!) have altered our perception of rhythm. At any rate, the recognized forms of speech-verse are not as efficient as they should be; probably a new form will be devised out of colloquial speech." It may be noted that the new Criterion contains the first instalment of a poetic drama by Mr. Eliot which evidently represents an attempt to put these principles into practice.

Lee: a Dramatic Poem, by Edgar Lee Masters. New York: The Macmillan Company. 139 pages. $2.

A long turgid dramatic poem, rather suggestive of a community masque and bearing testimony to the truth of Mr. Eliot's remarks quoted above. The characters are Lee, Mrs. Lee, Arimanius and Ormund (a chorus), Virginia, the South, the Republic, etc. Mr. Masters's blank verse and choral odes are so much cast-iron. He has never been at home in literature since he left Spoon River; the muse which descended among the Middle-Western villagers and lent them eloquence has, with whatever admirable seriousness of intention, no language—and no imagination—for the grand manner.

The Augustan Books of Poetry, edited by Edward Thompson. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $.25 each.

The Pamphlet Poets. New York: Simon and Schuster. $.25 each.

The pamphlets of these two rather attractive series contain from fifteen to twenty-five poems each. The first, which is edited in England, already includes Shelley, Keats, Bridges, Chesterton, Belloc and Rabindranath Tagore; and the second, which is edited in America, Whitman, Emerson, Carl Sandburg, Elinor Wylie, H. D. and Nathalia Crane. The Sandburg selection contains three poems which have not hitherto been published.

Selected Poems, by Edith M. Thomas. New York: Harper and Brothers. 247 pages. $2.

Eve Walks in Her Garden, by Louise Ayres Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Company. 133 pages. $2.

Humility and Pride, by Amy Spingarn. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 88 pages. $2.50.

The Silver Stair, by Abbie Farwell Brown. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 148 pages. $1.75.

Lilliput, by Roberta Teale Swartz. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 57 pages. $1.50.

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Scarabaeus, by Elizabeth Shaw Montgomery; 40 pages. Star Gatherer, by Jamie Sexton Holme; 58 pages. Flesh and Spirit, by Kate L. Dickinson; 68 pages. Herb Woman, by Eleanor C. Koenig; 50 pages. New York: Harold Vinal. $1.50 each.

Bucknell Verse for 1926, written by students in the English classes at Bucknell University. Lewisburg, Pa.: Press of University Print Shop. 43 pages. $1.

Miss Jessie Rittenhouse has edited, with a memoir, an interesting selection from the poems of Edith Thomas. Edith Thomas, like Lizette Woodworth Reese, was a forerunner of the present generation of American woman poets. She was considered remarkable in the eighties and nineties; but, in spite of considerable merits, seems less remarkable today. She continued to write and publish poetry up to her death; but, though one often saw her poems in the newspapers, her reputation, unlike that of Miss Reese, did not persist. Since Edith Thomas's time, so many women have taken to writing poetry that such work as hers is less conspicuous. From the whole range of French poetry, from the Renaissance to the late nineteenth century, Mr. Thorley, in the anthology mentioned above, includes only one woman poet: Marceline Desbordes-Valmore. If he had included also Louise Labé, he would, I believe, have exhausted the field. But today, in America, the women seem to write more poetry—and, on the whole, perhaps better poetry—than the men. The above list covers merely a few months of the publishing season—and, though none of the volumes is really distinguished, none is discreditable (not even among those which Mr. Harold Vinal, who seems to be making a profession of this sort of publishing, pours forth in such profusion). Of the thirty-nine poems in the anthology by the students of Bucknell University, only two were written by men; and the quality of the whole collection is by no means contemptible. One cannot be sure, however, whether the almost universal writing of poetry by women in America—even admitting the social freedom and the intellectual vitality it implies—is altogether a cause for rejoicing. One would like to see the subject discussed by a psychologist. If it is true that the American woman tends to be underdeveloped sexually, the writing of poetry by women would take on the aspect of a manifestation of energy and emotion balked of their normal outlet. And an examination of the subject matter of the general run of feminine poetry tends to give color to this theory.

Amy Lowell, a Critical Study, by Clement Wood. New York: Harold Vinal. 185 pages. $2.50.

It is possible to agree with Mr. Wood's conclusion—"Amy Lowell, neither distinguished poet nor great critic, was still Amy Lowell, and played her part well"—without thinking very highly of his book. The author feels so little enthusiasm for his subject that he should probably never have written about her. His faults of judgment and taste would not be so irritating if it were not for his assurance.

Poetic Values, Their Reality and Our Need of Them, by John G. Neihardt. New York: The Macmillan Company. 144 pages. $1.75.

Very earnest and well informed lectures designed to persuade the students of the University of Nebraska, of whose 100 percent practical views Mr. Neihardt seems apprehensive, that poetry, and the life of the imagination, are of primary importance to humanity.

EDMUND WILSON.

Satire in the Round

Galahad—Enough of his Life to explain his Reputation, by John Erskine. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

DUE probably to the fundamental depravity in human nature, the private life of Galahad does not pique public curiosity so powerfully as that of Helen, until a supplementary explanation of his reputation is promised in the circumstances of his birth and bringing-up. All the spice one has any business to look for may be found in this novel as seasoning for more substantial fare than Mr. Erskine offered in his Homeric satire. His irony is here applied to types, to be sure, but to types embodied in plausible characters, whose emotional situation, threadbare in legend, he restores to vivid interest, winning sympathy as well as intellectual assent through a pro[illegible] narative of coherent dramatic substance.

The book is three-dimensional; its polished [illegible] face is carried around viable solidities. The [illegible] of Guenevere is a masterly piece of complicated modeling, in which the conflicting tensions distort but do not disintegrate the character structure. Mr. Erskine's sharp mockery of the managing idealist in the paradox of the Queen's vocation to "inspire men" covers a sardonic but comprehending pity for the tragedy of doubt and fear that her love became. Galahad, as might be guessed, is presented as an inexorable prig, but vitalized by the verisimilitude of his youthful violence. Lancelot we are permitted to see as the parfit gentyl knight, who comes alive for us less through his heroic disloyalty than the convincing quality of his stubborn simplicity and complete lack of imagination. Elaine is the most "modern" figure in the composition—the Arthurian flapper—reckless, wilful, generous and honest. Love, for her, can only be "a door set wide to every wind of pain," and her slow tragedy—mute except for one irrepressible outburst—balances the violence of the other members of the group.

For relief we are given the dry humor with which Mr. Erskine endows Arthur—a concession for which one is grateful after the unalleviated tradition of his deadly perfection. The pungent Eteoneus is reincarnate in him, and for good measure the author adds to his qualities a sound pragmatic philosophy of life and rare psychological insight. The minor characters toss smart aphorism across the surface of a good many pages in the neo-Helenic manner, but the work is interesting from all its sides, and a real dramatic bulk casts the shadow that so effectively balances the pointed brilliance of its superficial aspect. Mr. Erskine plays Pygmalion to a satiric Laocoön, but that, to this reviewer's mind, is a more spectacular achievement than taking smart liberties with Helen of Troy.

DOROTHY BACON WOOLSEY.

Contributors

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